

FLICK



OCT. 1975

\$1.50

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THE
MAGAZINE OF
EROTIC
MOVIES

**MAKING
PORN FILMS:
THE NEW
COLLEGE KICK**

**MARC (10 1/2)
STEVENS TELLS ALL
AND SHOWS ALL**

**CRAIG BAUMGARTEN:
PORN STAR
FOR A NIGHT**

**X-RATED CIRCUS:
"THE HOTTEST
SHOW IN TOWN"**

**"SOMETIME
SWEET SUSAN"**
Star
**SHAWN
HARRIS**

Sarah Nicholson and Harry Reems in
"Sometime Sweet Susan."



FLICK

VOLUME 1 NO. 3

OCTOBER 1975

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FLICK is published bi-monthly by M.F. Enterprises, Inc. Editorial and executive offices at 257 Park Avenue South, New York, New York 10010. Submission of manuscripts, illustrations and / or photographs must be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes. The publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material. Copyright © 1975 by M.F. Enterprises, Inc. All rights reserved under International and Pan American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part without written permission of the publisher is strictly prohibited. Single copy price: \$1.50. Subscription rate in U.S.A. and Canada: \$9.00 per year. Printed in U.S.A.



Flick's Guide To

Blue Movies

Have you been seeing movies to screw by or only get screwed by? Do they give you a hard-on or a soft-off? Here's a concise guide to some of the X-rated films that may be playing in your area. So watch out for the clinkers!

Rating system:

- * May be explicit, but who cares?
- ** Better than piss-poor, but hardly a classic.
- *** A good attempt to make you hot to trot.
- **** Superb, will make you want to come again and again!

Airport Girls *

Although the sex is explicit, many of the people involved are amazingly unattractive. Very seedy, shoddy film with rotten directing.

Angel Number 9 ½**

A male chauvinist pig dies, goes to heaven, comes back to earth as a woman to see how the other sex lives. Good idea but a bit weak in the delivery.

Charity Ball * ½

Good idea bombs out. A woman and her friends take up whoring to help support an ailing church. Explicit sex in tedious script.

Cheese ** ½

A photographer gets involved with the women he photographs. Good performance by Sonny Landham, but needs livelier script. Erotic.

China Girl***

Exceptionally erotic orgy scenes help make up for tired espionage plot. A secret Oriental society attempts to steal secret information.

Christie *

Deception, blackmail, incest in a totally despicable family. The scriptwriter should be hung by his you-know-whats. Forget it.

Confessions of an American Housewife* ½**

Mama comes to visit her daughter and finds the woman involved in wife-swapping, etc. One of the most enjoyable sex flicks around.

Danish Pastries ***

Explicit sex comedy, almost in the tradition of a French bedroom farce, involving a mix-up of love potions. Pleasant entertainment.

Defiance***

A young girl is sexually brutalized by mental patients, but the worst is yet to come. Kinky sex for S&M types.

French Blue***

Made Brigitte Maier a porno favorite. It's about the making of a porn film, with humorous vignettes to add more explicit spice.

Fringe Benefits***

Office morale is low until a young executive rams a few points home to the girls in the secretarial pool. Some laughs with explicit sex.

Heavy Load***

A day in the life of a horny truckdriver with a stand-out performance by Andrea True as a waitress. Explicit, humorous, good photography.

The Hottest Show in Town* ½**

Traditional circus acts with explicit sex added. Though some of the photography is too dark, one of the most imaginative flicks we've seen yet.

The Life and Times of Xaviera Hollander***

Samantha McLaren has a field day portraying the happy hooker in a number of imaginative, sexually explicit scenes.

The Minor's Wife **

German film with atrocious dubbing about a miner and his wife who manage to screw everyone in sight—except one another.

The Private Afternoons of Pamela Mann* ½**

A husband has a private dick tail his wife with a number of clever plot twists thrown in. Very erotic with lots of humor.

Slip Up***

A mad scientist decides to take over the country with the aid of an invention which gives every man an unrelievable erection. Explicit and humorous.

Sometime Sweet Susan***

The erotic fantasies of a beautiful woman with a split personality. Too much time for sex and not enough for characterizations. Good attempt at quality.

Vampyres***

Strictly soft-core sex with an emphasis on lesbianism and gory bloodletting. Well-acted, tight plot, suspenseful. Not for weak stomachs.

Wet Rainbow***

A married couple is obsessed with a young female student. Good for couples. Honest attempt to combine explicit sex with a storyline.

Wide Open Marriage ½**

West German comedy about marital infidelity. Some very attractive people (the women particularly), but marred by bad dubbing and editing.

Letters to **INTERCOURSE** the Editor

Congratulations and all encouragements on your new publication, *Flick*. I think it can certainly serve a valued purpose as long as you keep to current and important films and ignore, or better, identify as such, the multifarious dreck. The only thing I could wish is for more frequent publication (probably you too), and coverage of more film titles, perhaps even in a continuing "capsule review" section à la *The New Yorker*.

I hope you will soon devote an article to the distinctions between hard and soft-core, 35 and 16 mm., in today's adult films—also treat other mischievous devices currently employed to make films playable in many communities. A film shown locally, *Vampyres*, could hardly qualify as hard-core, at least in the version shown in this hamlet! Does it exist in more than one version? Are adult films routinely produced in several versions and shown under the same or even different titles? It would be a valid consumer's service to comment on these factors in your individual film reviews.

Again congrats, and long life.

G. S. W.
Dallas, Texas

Vampyres had a self-imposed X-rating because of the lesbianism and the extremely gory murder scenes. Sexually, it was never hard-core—that is, it never showed actual penetration or cock-sucking. Although it had numerous sex scenes, they were photographed in such a way that the viewer could not tell if the sex was actual or simulated. And that basically is the difference between hard and soft-core. In hard-core films, one generally has close-ups of cocks penetrating cunts, mouths sucking on cocks, "wet shots" (close-ups of ejaculation), etc. Even so, that particular film, *Vampyres*, has been re-released in an R-rated version to get wider audiences.

However, in relation to other movies, it is true that many are done in two (sometimes three) versions, with varying degrees of explicitness. In the interview with Craig Baumgarten in this issue, the two versions of *Sometime Sweet Susan*

are discussed. For a better understanding of the "hows" and "whys" you might read the interview. Since every community has its own standards of what is acceptable to be shown on the screen, it is impossible for us to know whether a hard-core or soft-core version is permissible in your neck of the woods. If you're stuck with continual soft-core versions of movies, Mr. Baumgarten makes some suggestions concerning what you can personally do about it. Most of the films reviewed in *Flick* (with the only exception so far of *Vampyres*) are hard-core when we saw them, but we have no way of ascertaining if they will still be hard-core when they play in certain areas.

Generally, the title of a movie—whether in a hard or soft version—will remain the same, unless under its original title it was a catastrophe at the box office. (For example, *Vampyres* did not do well in the several areas in which it was initially shown, so the title has since been altered to read, *Vampyres, Daughters of Dracula* in order to attract those who prefer horror movies. The sex is now being soft-pedaled.)

Next topic: 16 mm. movies are generally short, plotless sexual "loops" which are blown up to 35mm. proportions to play certain grindhouses (and become very grainy as a result). Most legitimate full-length features are shot in 35 mm. to begin with.

Note our new "capsule review" section which you suggested. We had been contemplating it, but until this issue we had not reviewed enough X-rated films showing around to make it practicable.

I just bought the first issue of your magazine and let me compliment you on a great job. I hope you will review some films like *Erotikus* and *The Light* from the *Second Story Window*, which are about male homosexuality. Yearning to become a homosexual soon, I could use the pictures to help me learn the techniques that would be so helpful to me. Again let me congratulate you on an outstanding magazine.

S. E.
Raleigh, North Carolina

One doesn't go to school to become a homosexual. You are either sexually attracted to men or you aren't. However, you are correct in supposing that gay porno films (just as hetero porno films) can demonstrate for your enlightenment certain sexual positions and techniques. However, because of the lack of space to cover as many films as we would like to, we must limit ourselves to hetero porn. There are various newspapers and magazines that are published for gay readers and cover X-rated gay films (as well as other news and entertainment of interest to homosexuals). Try *Contact* (published in Houston), *The Advocate* (from San Francisco), and the magazine, *Mandate* (from New York). It may require some hunting around on your part to find which newsstands in Raleigh might stock them. Many gay porn films (due to a limited budget and appeal) are generally inferior in quality to hetero porn. Whether one is gay, straight, or indifferent, *Light* from the *Second Story Window* is probably one of the most insipid movies ever made.

However, from time to time, we may be reviewing a film that would appeal to bisexuals, if it is of a quality worth reviewing. In our next issue, you might be interested in *Both Ways* starring Andrea True, Gerald Grant, and Dean Tait.

Any information on a movie entitled *Doctor, I'm Here* would be appreciated. It's playing in our local X-rated theatre.

G. J. O.
Theresa, Wisconsin

Sorry. I've been checking around but I can't find anyone who has seen it or distributes it. If it played in New York, it was either a long time back or it never made it to the better theatres. At any rate, it was never a "biggie" on the porn scene, so quality-wise you are probably taking your chances by dishing out five bucks at the box office.

If you have a question or opinion relating to erotic movies, send it to **FLICK**, M. F. Enterprises, 257 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10010. Names will not be used upon request.

PORN:



Scene from the Cambist film, "Bordello."

A BILLION DOLLAR BUSINESS

**Movies, books, magazines and sex toys are for those
who enjoy erotic material and don't mind paying for it.**

By LANCE PARKER

■ Pornography is big business. Just how big is anybody's guess, but reasonable estimates indicate that it exceeds one billion dollars a year, making it one of the most lucrative industries in the United States. There are many varieties of pornography, almost as many as there are perusers of it. Legally the picture is more than confused. What is considered pornography depends to a large extent upon where an individual lives. Something that is accepted as art or just plain fun in New York City may be considered filth in a small Midwestern town. The proliferation of sex-oriented magazines has created numerous problems in distribution. While the most establishment-minded of the skin magazines, *Playboy*, is almost universally available in metropolitan areas, it can still be found secreted beneath the counter of

the local drugstore in many rural communities.

The realm of pornographic films is even more amusingly confused. The famous "Deep Throat" is a perfect example. This now notorious movie played to packed houses at a suburban theater in Norfolk, Virginia, for almost six months before the theater was raided and the film confiscated. At that point, it was declared obscene. By the time all of this was done, however, anyone who had the slightest inclination to see the film had already done so. Once again the barn door was closed too late.

Manhattan provides an equally amusing anecdote. After a long and well-publicized court battle, "Deep Throat" was declared obscene and taken out of distribution in the borough of Manhattan. (A cut version has since appeared.) As the

case did not apply in any of the other four boroughs comprising New York City, all an individual wanting to see the film had to do was take a slightly longer subway ride to Brooklyn or Queens. While legions of psychological experts and "high-minded" individuals were traipsing into the courtroom to state the case for and against "Deep Throat," a number of gay films were being screened in the same midtown area. They featured young men who displayed the talents and proclivities that catapulted Ms. Lovelace to instant fame, but who did so with such deftness and avidity that by comparison the nation's new sex star appeared to be little more than a rank amateur. These movies were left untouched by the discriminating hands of the "morally concerned" authorities.

The main source of much of the

confusion about just what is obscene or pornographic and what is not stems from the most recent Supreme Court decision dealing with the subject. Under this ruling, what is obscene depends upon the community standards of the locale concerned. Just who determines the standards of a particular community is left unclear. Does this mean that New England style town meetings are to be held across the country to decide the status of every book, magazine or film on the market? The mind reels at the possible results of the decision. Imagine a group of concerned citizens banding together and declaring Batman and Robin comic books obscene due to the implied homosexual relationship existing when a young boy lives with an unrelated older man. Even Jack and Jill could be considered suspect. Who knows for sure just exactly what took place up on that hill?

Pornographers view the schizophrenia of the nation with mixed reactions. Those who deal in the more legitimate areas of commercial sex—the publishers of slick magazines and the makers of "good" films—are understandably alarmed. The distribution of their products depends upon massive advertising campaigns. This places them in full view of the public, and they will be the first to suffer if more severe censorship restrictions are enacted. As in the example of the gay movies versus "Deep Throat," the more visible is usually the more oppressed. This possibility is more than likely as new censorship laws are being considered by the legislative bodies in more than forty states, and there has recently been a proliferation of city and county ordinances banning the sale of "offensive" materials.

The so-called "smut-peddlers" view the

situation far differently. They rightly feel that tougher restrictions will work to their benefit. On the current market, pornography is expensive. The typical admission price for a mediocre fuck film is one to two dollars higher than for a first-run general audience movie. Hard-core sex books run around a dollar more than mass market paperbacks. Neither the films nor the books are known for their outstanding quality, yet they continually sell at inflated prices in a society where they are fairly easily obtained. Should the various states enact more stringent anti-pornography laws, the already distended prices will be forced still higher. This will mean even greater profits in an already booming industry.

Simply the illusion of difficulty in obtaining pornography increases its profitability. During the past couple of years there has been a concerted effort to clean up the Times Square area of New York City, the one part of the city that most tourists visit. In addition to clearing the streets of prostitutes and hustlers, the powers that be attempted a clean-up of the numerous adult book stores lining Forty-Second Street on either side of Broadway. Store owners were faced with the choice of removing hard-core picture magazines from their stands or enduring almost constant harassment. For a time these efforts were successful, and walking through the stores took one back a few years to the time when "nudist" magazines were the hot items. Or so it appeared. Actually, while the various "dogooders" were congratulating each other, the store owners were grinning to themselves. They had calmly taken the "offensive" magazines off the stands, pasted on price increases, and placed them behind the counter out of public

view. All a customer had to do was ask, or if he looked like a prospective buyer, the "good stuff" was offered. The big difference was that instead of just looking, as they often did when the magazines were on the stands, customers who had to ask to see the "special" stock usually bought. As it turned out, it was the store owners who were "cleaning up."

The American public has always been enticed by the erotic, particularly if it is also exotic. Prior to and during the fifties, before Castro turned Cuba into a "worker's paradise," one of the major draws Havana offered to Americans was the large number of clubs featuring live sex shows. More recently, Mexican border towns like Juarez, Nuevo Laredo and Tijuana have proved to be sexual meccas for deprived American travelers. Tourists made their way through insistent vendors and street urchins shouting. "Hey meester, you want my seester? She virgin. You want my mother? She virgin, too." In small, dimly lighted cabarets, for the price of two beers or a rum and Coke, it was possible to view sexual performances exceeding the most bizarre fantasies of many of the viewers. Perhaps the most infamous of these erotic prima donnas was the renowned "Donkey Woman" of Tijuana, who nightly performed her Catherine the Great number Spanish style. Her closest rival did an act with this fantastically hung German shepherd.

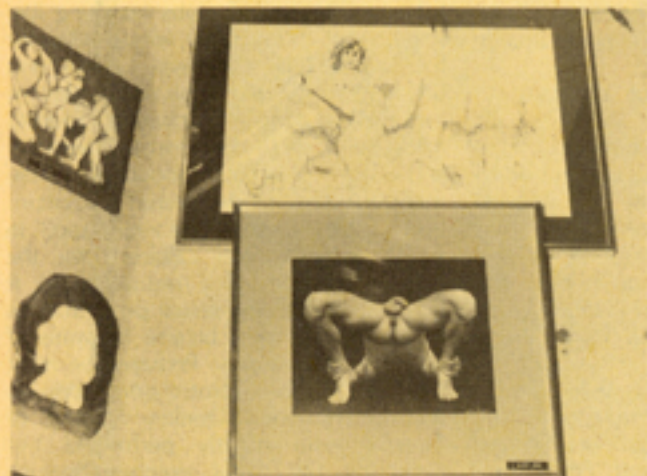
The American public no longer finds it necessary to travel beyond the nation's boundaries to find exotic entertainment. The sex business has caught on in the United States in a big way. Movie theaters that had found the going tough when displaying the latest Hollywood product discovered new revenue when they switched to the skin flick format. Adult



One no longer hears the sound of dancing feet on New York's 42nd Street, but one can certainly hear the sound of heavy breathing in the darkened theatres.

Since the beginning of history, pornography has existed and cannot be stamped out by people who set themselves up as our moral guardians.

At many sex shops, one can buy life-like dildos in any shape, size or color.



An erotic art shop displays pictures and sculptures of interest to homosexual men and heterosexual women.

For leather fetishists, this store sells hoods, bras, garter belts, briefs, whips, and an assortment of sex toys.



book stores have sprung up across the country in mind-boggling numbers, sometimes in the most unlikely places. In Atlanta, for instance, one porno palace is located in what used to be a suburban quick-shop grocery store. To be sure, there are some localities that have resisted the movement, but even in these pornography is available to those who want it.

Just who does want pornography? Almost everyone—doctors, lawyers, business people, teachers, even librarians—seems to like it in one form or another. An upstanding pillar of the community may form a committee for the preservation of decency at home, but give him a chance and he will see an X-rated movie if he finds himself in New Orleans or Los Vegas.

There are basically two broad categories into which the purchasers of pornography fall: those who simply want some to be able to say that they have it, and those who want good pornography. This accounts for the great variance in what is available. The pornographic playing cards which some years ago were a favorite import from France and Mexico

are still around. They are the ones of singularly unattractive people engaged in various forms of sexual activity photographed and reproduced so poorly that it is often difficult to determine who is doing what to whom. On the other hand, there are now numerous magazines and movies featuring outstandingly beautiful people clearly and artistically photographed while participating in extremely graphic erotic exercises. Of course, the latter are more expensive, but they are available to those who fancy themselves connoisseurs.

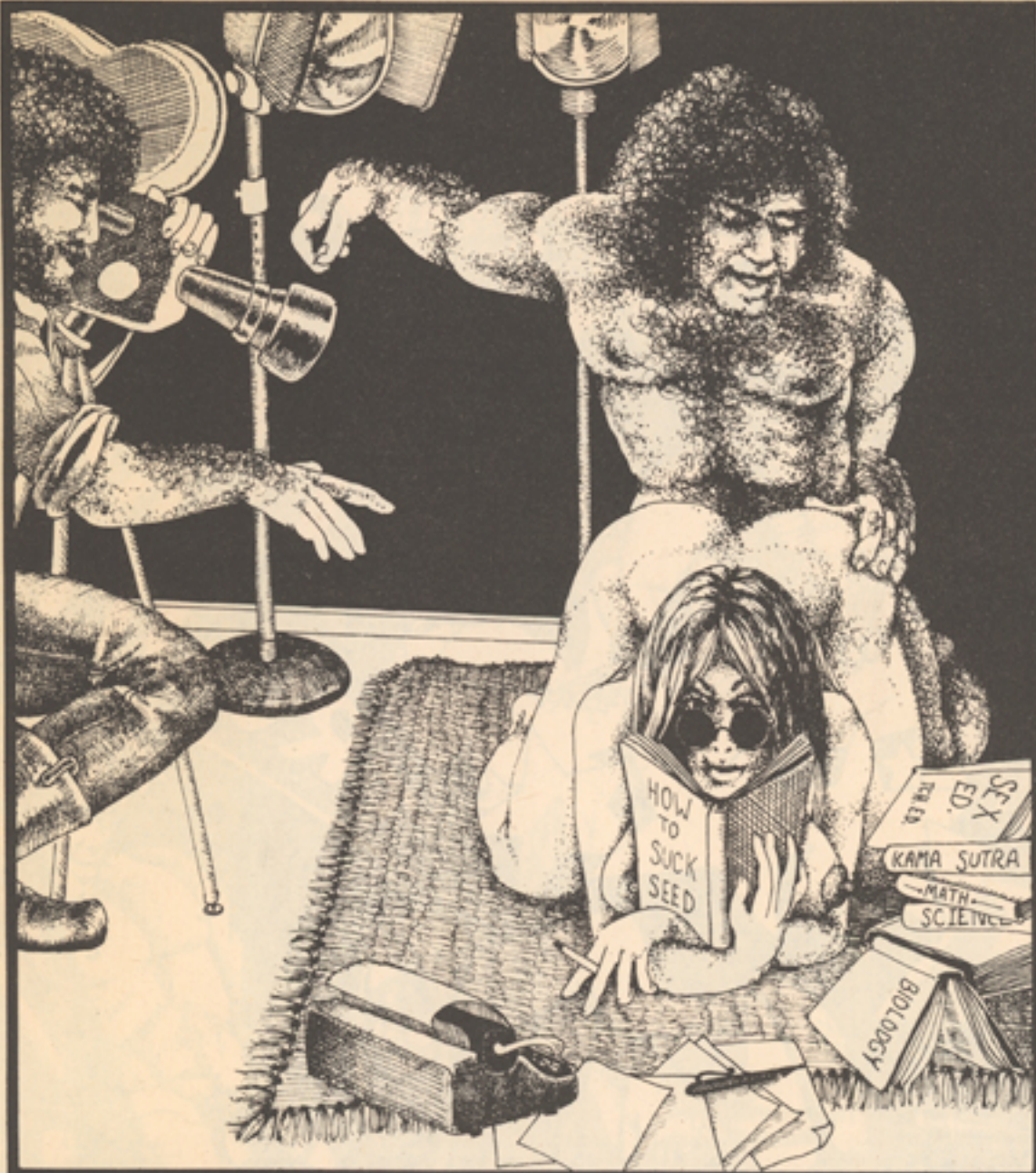
Women are the most recent breakthrough on the pornography front. For centuries it was believed that women were not interested in visual erotica. Sex was considered strictly a man's pleasure. Then some enterprising individuals decided to test the theory, and a new market was discovered. The past two years have seen a proliferation of a new type of women's magazine featuring pictures of nude males. Some herald this as a victory of a very smart business person who understood what women really wanted to see, liberated or not. For instance there is a seventy-eight-year-old

grandmother who has her hair done weekly at one of the boutiques in St. Louis. The salon is located on the second floor, up a spiral staircase. The lady comes in and laboriously climbs the sixteen steps while everyone watching holds their breath, hoping that she will once again make it successfully. When she reaches the top, without even pausing for breath, she immediately rushes over to the magazine rack and extracts the latest copies of *Viva*, *Playgirl* and *Foxy Lady*. Only when she is done does she relinquish her hold. Liberated? It is doubtful that she knows what the word means, but she does know what she likes.

The St. Louis salon subscribes to a number of magazines for their customers' enjoyment. The list is revealing: one copy of *Lady's Home Journal*, one each of *House and Garden*, *McCall's*, and *Cosmopolitan*; but four copies of *Playgirl*, four copies of *Viva* and four copies of *Foxy Lady*. The evidence as to what women want to see is irrefutable. They like to look at cock.

The women's magazines seem to have found themselves plagued with a rather

(Continued on page 60)



LAYING THEIR WAY THROUGH COLLEGE

Making porno movies is the latest fad among college students.

By **DICK VALENTINE**

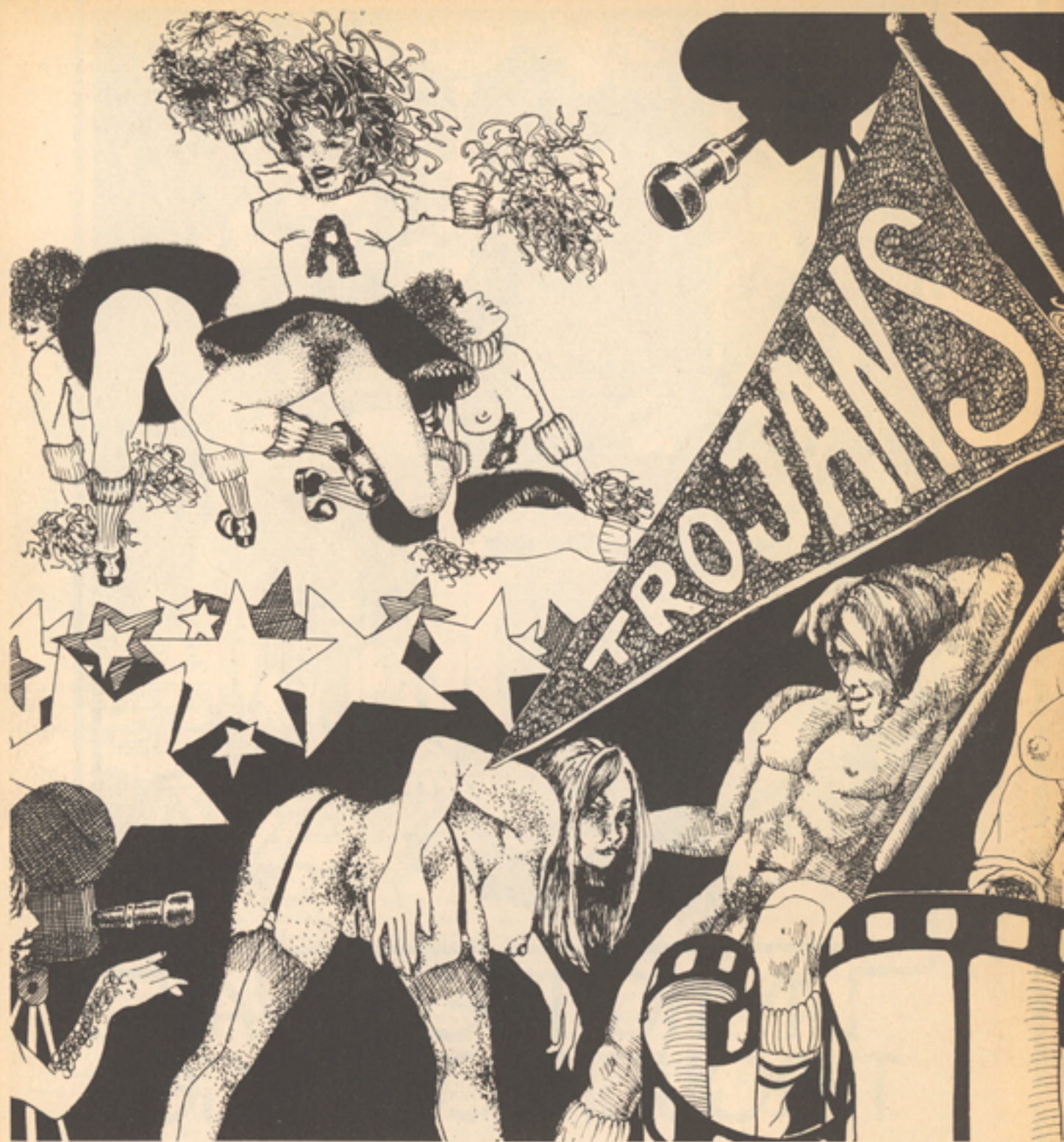
■ Those bare-bottomed beauties and well-hung studs cavorting on screen in the next X-rated movie you see may well turn out to be the kids next door. According to filmmakers and college officials, making porno movies is the latest fad among college students. Unlike previous fads, this one has a definite economic foundation. Tuition is up, money is tight, and part-time

jobs are hard to find. Making porno flicks is fun, profitable, and doesn't take a lot of time away from the school books.

Nobody seems to know how many students are moonlighting as performers, camera operators and producers of sex films, but there is general agreement that the number is large and growing all the time. The

kinds of films they are working in range from the slick, professional products screened in "adults only" theatres to the blurry, 8-millimeter "loops" sold for home viewing.

Thanks to the new, relaxed morality prevalent among today's young people, the students don't feel guilty about making sex movies. They enjoy their work and are often proud of it—



though many express concern about their families.

"I never use my own name in this work, and I'd never appear in a sex film destined for the theatres, even though they pay so much better," said Cynthia, a petite blonde who majors in education at an upstate New York university and intends to become a teacher.

"It would be extremely embarrassing for my family if one of the

films appeared at a theatre in our home town. I wouldn't mind seeing my picture outside the theatre, but it would embarrass my father and mother to death. It's all right for me to do my own thing, but I have no right to mess up their lives."

Cynthia's parents both work, but even so, paying her tuition strains their budget. Cynthia has to earn her own living expenses.

"I had this job as a buyer's assistant

at a local department store," she said. "I hated it, but I needed the money. One night at a party I met this really super-looking guy who had appeared in several theatrical porn films. We went out a couple of times, and I kept him talking about his work. It interested me. I guess I'm something of an exhibitionist. I know I'm good-looking, I know my body's good, and I know I'm good in bed. I thought it would be a groove to see myself in

Cynthia: "I guess I'm something of an exhibitionist. I know I'm good-looking, I know my body's good, and I know I'm good in bed. I thought it would be a groove to see myself in action on a film."



action on a film.

"I told Ron all this and he called a guy he knows who's in the business. The next afternoon Ron and I were performing for the cameras in a little studio downtown. They paid me \$100 for the day's work, though I'd have done it for nothing just to have the experience of seeing myself in a film.

"When I came back to school this year the store told me they had to cut back the staff because of the recession.

My job had been eliminated. I called the guy who had made the films. He said he could use me again. I work for him two or three days a month in front of the cameras and, when I need extra money, I work in his darkroom, processing and copying the films. I make more money—and have a lot more fun—on this job than I did at the store. I also have more free time for study or goofing around."

Cynthia has no show business

aspiration, either in straight or sex films. "This is just a fantasy trip," she explained. "It's a fun job that pays well. As soon as I graduate I'll quit the films and go into teaching, which is what I really want to do."

Isn't there a danger that some uptight parent might see one of her films and cause trouble? "Do you mean some jerk might call the board of education and say, 'Last night I showed some dirty movies at my orgy

Marta: "One of the nicest things about being a sex-film star is that it's a better way than being elected home-coming queen to become the most popular girl on campus."

and saw Johnny's teacher in one of them?" I don't think that's likely to happen. If it does, I'll simply deny that it is me. Lots of people look alike. How can they prove it's me?"

Other students who do have show business ambitions consider the X-rated movies as a stepping stone. One of the most unusual of these is Larry, who majors in film making at a West Coast university. He has used the medium to learn his craft and to build up a profitable business for himself and his investors.

"You can't learn to make films in a classroom," he explained. "The only way to learn anything is to do it. I started like my classmates, making pretty little 'art' movies nobody is ever going to see. That's nice, but film costs money. I needed a way to pay for a lot of film so I could afford to experiment with lights, camera angles, lenses, filters and other techniques.

"One night they showed some stag movies at the frat house. They were badly done, out of focus and amateurish. 'I could do better than that' I thought, and realized that there was my answer. I traced down the wholesaler who had distributed the films and found out he is always in the market for loops.

"I invested in some film, got some models, and shot several loops in my bedroom. The wholesaler bought them and, after my expenses for models and film, it turned out that I had made a pretty good profit. I ploughed that back into more loops. Most of them were great, if I do say so myself. Some were too arty; so arty they stopped being sexy, the dealer said. That's all right. I was learning more about cinematography by experimenting than I ever learned in a classroom.

"The next step was to make a 'story' film with sound, a script and the whole business. Some of my fraternity brothers pitched in to raise the capital, my girl friend, an English major, did the script, and some kids from the drama department helped with the direction and make-up. They also appeared in the film. It was a sexy comedy, loosely based on 'All About

Eve.' The Eve Harrington character was a nymphomaniac who seduced an old lesbian actress (the Margo Channing character), then used sex to climb the ladder of success.

"We had fun making the film and my backers were delighted when we got a 300 per cent return on our original investment of \$7,000. We're working on our third feature-length film now, and I suppose we'll go on making porn films. Why not? They're making us rich, and I'm learning the film business."

Larry expects the success of his X-rated films will help him find a place in the larger world of "straight" cinema after he gets out of school. "Look, man, I've already got a couple of money-making films to my credit, and I expect to have many more before graduation. I'll be that far ahead of my classmates. When they're out there, trying to show their pretentious little 'art' films and class projects to people who count, I'll be able to walk in and say, 'Here are my money-makers. Sure they're porn films, but notice the camera work. Catch that lighting effect. Watch this close-up. I may be just out of school, but I have experience and know my craft.'"

Larry discussed the problem of getting performers to appear in his films. "It's a lot easier to get women than men," he said. "There seems to be more sexually liberated women around—or at least, it's easier to find them. When I decided to go into the business I simply went downtown to a bar and talked to a go-go girl. If she'd dance topless for thirty or forty dollars a night, I figured she'd make a movie for a hundred. I was right.

"Lining up a guy was more difficult. The only tavern that had go-go boys around here is a gay bar, and I figured a gay guy wouldn't be much good with my go-go girl. Since then I've found that several guys I thought were gay are bisexual, and I've also discovered bisexuals are best for this kind of work. They have a willingness to try everything, and most of them have a wide streak of exhibitionism.

"I told a few friends around campus

that I was going into this kind of film making. Dennis, this guy from the school wrestling team, looked me up and said he was interested. It's hard to get guys who want to make these movies. We're all a little secure about our equipment. You know: 'Is it long enough? Will I be able to perform with a camera watching? Can I keep it up under those circumstances?' Dennis had no problem with any of that. He's totally uninhibited, and the girls say he's a fantastic lay."

Everyone seems to fantasize making it with his or her favorite porn star. What happens when somebody actually meets someone they've seen on the screen?

"They're usually impressed," according to Helen, a ravishing redhead who, when not appearing in a film with the words "scarlet," "flaming" or "colleen" in the titles, studies chemistry at a college in New England.

"There's a certain glamor attached to being in any film, no matter how awful it may be. People dig that. They also think you're richer than you are because they assume we all make as much money as Linda Lovelace and Marilyn Chambers. Most of all, people seem impressed by my nerve, as they call it. It takes a lot of guts, they say, to do films like mine, and even those who don't approve of the films seem to admire my 'courage.'

"I don't think of it as a matter of courage. I enjoy the work—don't smirk like that; it is work. You try to concentrate on being a good lay while spotlights blind you, people walk around you and a camera hums in your ear. Worst of all is the director calling out orders: 'Move your arm, we can't see your tits.' 'Lift your butt off the floor, the audience wants to see him slip it into you.' It can be very distracting, believe me.

"I do enjoy it. It's a challenge, and I do get good sex, because the guys who work in the films are generally great lays. I've worked with one or two clinkers, guys I've had to try to make look good. One was a muscle-builder, with thighs like *(Continued on page 61)*



INTERVIEW WITH PORNO STUD MARC "10½" STEVENS

By BARRY L. SHEER

His name doesn't always appear in the screen credits, but Marc Stevens has become, in a short time, a living legend among connoisseurs of explicit sex movies. When erect, Marc's penis measures an extraordinary 10½ inches, and his talent for getting it up and using it to its fullest for the entertainment of others is a new phenomenon in the annals of cinema. The interview that follows took place in Marc's Greenwich Village apartment, and was entirely unrehearsed and spontaneous. As I got comfortable on Marc's sofa and set up my tape machine, Marc noted that his young life is undergoing some radical changes. No longer content to remain a happy hustler (he enjoys both women and men) and a voyeur's delight, Marc is reaching out for the big time. By the time you read this, Marc expects to be in Paris with Georgina Spelvin and Capucine, making his first

MARC STEVENS

"When you put fifty bucks on the table, my cock gets hard, and I don't care what your age or your Social Security number is."



nonfuck film. He's also hopeful of landing a part in a projected play, "Sweet Tom," which centers around the life and times of a bisexual. I must leave it to the historians to judge whether or not the rise of Marc "10½" Stevens heralds the arrival of a new age of phallic worship, or just another porno stud trying to get into the main arena of Broadway and Hollywood.

FLICK: How did movies like *Deep Throat* change your life?

STEVENS: Well, it made pornography acceptable; it made porno chic. I was in *Playboy* magazine, and that was sort of

incredible. I was well remembered for that. It was supposed to be a total nude shot, but it was a last-minute cop-out. They didn't expose my cock.

FLICK: Was that a big disappointment?

STEVENS: Yeah, as a matter of fact it really was, for I ran around for several months telling everybody I was going to be in *Playboy* magazine, and I was the first male, after 20 years, to be totally exposed, and I thought that was fabulous, and that everybody was going to get an honest shot of everything. Afterwards, I was going to sue them—and the picture they used was not a good picture. But

then, after that, things just started falling into place. I got a manager, I got an office with two secretaries, a fan club, a book offer from Dell, and I was on the Tom Snyder Show about two or three weeks ago, which was a major breakthrough for a porno star.

FLICK: What happened on that show?

STEVENS: Well, I got a call last month that they wanted me on the show, with Gerry Damiano (the director) and Brendan Gill, the critic from *The New Yorker* magazine, and two gentlemen from an antipornography campaign. They were all boisterous and loud and shouted

for 60 minutes, and I didn't get a chance to say anything, but a lot of cards and letters came in to the show; they wanted me to have a chance to speak. What I said was fine, and I looked good. And I'm going back on.

FLICK: Well, how did you happen to be at the right place at the right time in order to be reaping all this publicity?

STEVENS: Well, I wouldn't be where I am now if it wasn't for my . . . er . . . gimmick (his 10½ inches). Now people ask me, "Hey, Marc, wouldn't you like to be in 'legitimate' films?" But I feel that what I am doing now is legitimate, and I really like it.

FLICK: Do you like to collect pornography?

STEVENS: Well, I have some loops, and I have a few magazines, but I feel funny because I get so embarrassed watching my friends making fools out of themselves, myself included. But it's fun doing it!

FLICK: Do you feel that things have changed much since you first started doing pornography?

STEVENS: Well, it's big business now. It's not as much fun. We don't get paid in cash anymore. We all get checks. There's the star system, and everybody's got a big ego. They all have their "style." You hear producers and directors say, "Don't you want to be another Linda Lovelace or Marilyn Chambers?" But now I'm in such awe at getting recognized for being a cock star.

FLICK: Where are you from originally?

STEVENS: From middle class Brooklyn (Flatbush) to the gutters of Times Square in four years. My father was a professor of English and my mother is a teacher, too. My mother wanted me to be a doctor, especially with a Jewish background on her side, and I guess I disappointed her . . . no, not really—I guess I'm sort of a gynecologist, a little bit. After high school I was desperate for something to do (that was in 1961). I went into the service because my birthday is in September. I was very popular and ambitious in high school. I was always good at almost everything I did. I didn't always complete things, but I came from a good family. I always had anything I wanted. Speedboats, motorcycles and cars. But I wasn't spoiled. I learned quickly how to accept things. I was voted "most likely to succeed," went into the service and spent three glorious years in the army. I kissed the right ass and I did the right thing. When I got out, I was 21 and life changed for me. I suddenly realized what I had between my legs—the power of it.

FLICK: What experience made you really aware of what you had between your legs?



STEVENS: Some guy in a bar offered me money just to look at it. I wasn't down and out. I was working for a shipping company and going to Brooklyn College at night studying business management and personnel administration, and I had sort of a good future. At one time, I held a job on the New York Stock Exchange floor. But I got mixed up with barbiturates, which was a desperate time of my life. (My girl lover died of heroin a few

years ago.) I've held jobs in clothing shops, health food stores, and I drove a cab, but I couldn't hack that. It lasted for two days.

FLICK: Well, how do you account for your present recognition?

STEVENS: It really boils down to positive thinking. All you gotta do is want it. Like, I was sitting in this living room one night, and I wasn't invited to Sly Stone's wedding. And I was very upset about it. So I went up to the door of the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf and said I wanted to come in. I brought six people with me. Luckily, it just happened that a vice president of Columbia Records knew me from the film *It Happened in Hollywood*, and we were let in.

I was so disappointed. There was nothing but a lot of stupid people, with photographers snapping ugly pictures of ugly people. So I stood at the top by the cake and disrobed, and it turned out to be a nice evening. And then one thing led to another. A month later I was paid to streak The Who party. So I got to meet a lot of celebrities. Now, of course, it's different. I'm a celebrity myself.

FLICK: What effect has it had on your personal life?

STEVENS: I was at first just interested in growing up and being a nice guy, and whenever I thought about being a celebrity I would wonder why such people were uptight about being in crowds, and they didn't go out and touch people, or let people touch them. But it can get to you. When you become successful, everyone hounds you. My phone rings a lot, and there are 10,000 of my little blue cards. (Marc Stevens's calling card has a drawing of his prick, his telephone number, and the word "Anytime" printed on it.) For instance, the big thing that everyone wants to see—



Georgina Spelvin is upstaged by Mark's pet snake, Herman, in *The Devil in Miss Jones*.

"Outside come shots on a girl's face are degrading as hell. But that's because these are films made by men for primarily a male audience."



In a recent movie, *Slip Up*, Marc and stewardess bail out of exploding plane. The only thing keeping the woman from falling is Marc's hard cock. Unfortunately, he comes.

Marc, as a pilot in *Slip Up*, is too busy coming to watch where he is going.



is it really 10½ inches? Of course, these are not questions for TV and radio, but privately they want to know if my mother knows what I do. You'd be amazed at how many people want to see my cock. You get these ballsy chicks who call me up and say, "Hey, I'm a nice-looking chick, and I want you to fuck me." Well, hey, how many people can I fuck in one day? That's why I think I want to get away from my public. I can't handle it. It's not that I don't want to. I wish that I could. And I really feel bad about saying to somebody, "No, I can't." Most people think I'm a superman, and I'm really bothered about that, more and more. I mean, like, when these chicks and some guys come by, and I'm tired, I keep telling myself, "Gee, I gotta fuck them, because if I don't they'll run around and tell all their friends that Marc Stevens is a lousy lay. And I don't go running around telling everyone that I'm the greatest lover. I've never said that. And I didn't say that it was the biggest cock or the greatest cock."

FLICK: But you did say it was much bigger than Harry Reems's.

STEVENS: Yeah, but Harry Reems has got an abnormally small cock.

FLICK: Getting (Continued on page 64)



HEAVY LOAD

**Can a horny truckdriver service a host of women
and still have the stamina to plow his hungry wife?**

This is one of those plotless movies in which a simple premise sets the sex escapades in motion. To put it simply, it's about the day in the life of a truckdriver. (Of course, the limited budget has reduced the "truck" to a small U-haul vehicle, but that's a petty point.)

The film starts as the truckdriver's alarm clock rings and his pretty wife (Darby Lloyd Rains) decides to get him up in the best way she knows—using her mouth. As she nimbly works to get his tired cock at attention, he sighs with half-asleep pleasure the name "Susan." His wife's name happens to be Brenda.

Brenda angrily wonders who this "Susan" is, but is prepared to let the matter rest on the condition that Gus (are there many truckdrivers named Gus?) sock it to her. But Gus (and we tend to agree with him) thinks that sex is obscene in the morning and insists upon going to work, since working is the American way. "That's how we do it in America," he tells Brenda and adds, "Not where you come from."

"Whadya mean?" Brenda asks, startled. "I come from Kalamazoo."



Gus poses for photographer Lillian as a prelude to sex.



"That's what I mean."

Naturally a fight scene ensues and the name of "Susan" is brought up repeatedly. Brenda already knows that Gus is cheating on her, ever since the day he gave her "crabs" and claimed to have caught them from a toilet seat.

After Gus storms off to work, Brenda contents herself with a Polish sausage shoved up her cunt (a Polish joke?) and masturbates to her heart's content.

Gus's major task for the day is to pick up some photographic equipment and deliver it somewhere far enough away to allow him various sexcapades along the way. The photographer happens to be a luscious female (what else?) named Lillian (Samantha McLaren) who decides that Gus would make a perfect male model—in the nude, natch. After snapping a lot of pictures of him *au naturel*, she asks him if he might oblige her by getting his cock hard. Of course, he needs a little help and she's the perfect woman to give it to him. Before long, they

are both naked and rolling on the floor. Gus licks her armpits, eats her out, then after a bit of 69ing, screws the hell out of her. Lillian is ecstatic about the whole thing—Gus's whole, erect thing—and as soon as he leaves, she calls her friend, Marge, to relate the experience. Marge, by the way, is to be the recipient of the photographic equipment, and we are led to assume that Marge intends to start where Lillian left off.

But there's quite a bit of ground to be covered and quite a bit of pussy to be eaten before Gus arrives at his destination. He picks up two female hitchhikers on the road and agrees to drive them out of his way on condition that they put out. So a threesome

develops—with a lot of lesbianism and oral sex. As Gus screws one of the young women, the second works at reaming our hero. (This ass-licking practice is commonly seen in gay porn but it is still somewhat of a rarity in hetero porn.)

After Gus gets his rocks off, he continues on his way, stopping off for a bit of lunch at a truckdrivers' diner, waitressed by Phyllis (Andrea-True). Phyllis is the sort of buxom, dumb blonde "New Yawk" type broad immortalized by Vivian Blaine in *Guys and Dolls*, and in this role Miss True manages to walk off with the movie. She decides to use her fifteen-minute break by shacking up with Gus in the john. Of course, the toilet is hardly the ideal place for making whoopie, particularly when



Gus gives Lillian's body the full tongue treatment, starting from the top and working down.





Gus gets up in the morning with the aid of wife Brenda's mouth.

Lillian works to enlarge Gus's best feature.



Brenda is a walking advertisement for Polish sausages.





Faith and her boyfriend pretend to be Catherine the Great and her lieutenant involved in an S&M sexcapade.



there are three truckdrivers doing an Irish jig outside the locked door. Between slurping at Gus's cock and getting screwed hunched over the throne—her foot slips at one point and she gets her wedgies caught in the bowl—Phyllis has time to shout at the impatient ("I have to piss so bad my teeth are floating!") truckdrivers outside to "Hold yaw hawses! Tie it in a knot." Finally, looking slightly the worse for wear, Phyllis and Gus emerge in their half-dressed glory from the john to the amazement of the waiting drivers.

Back on the road again, Gus stops to help a woman motorist whose car has broken down. Faith (Kim Pope) promptly propositions him, takes him home, and with the aid of her kinky boyfriend, ties him to a chair. Faith and her boyfriend (Jamie Gillis) love acting out sex scenes from history for the benefit of a captive audience—in this case, Gus.

Tonight's performance is about Catherine the Great, in which Faith—as

Catherine—berates her lieutenant for tiring out her horses before she has a chance to get at them for her own bestial purposes. After making the lieutenant lick her boots and perform other S&M joys, she commands him to "Put your hot tongue into my woman's grotto of passion. Eat me or you'll die. Eat me for Russia!"

Naturally, the gentleman can't refuse and after some in-depth tongue-licking, he proceeds to screw her—for the benefit of Mother Russia, natch.

After this experience, Gus can't wait to get to his destination and deliver the photographic equipment to Marge, whom he hopes is as voluptuous as the lovely Lillian (remember Lillian?). He knocks on the door, and from within we hear a man's voice telling him to wait a minute. Finally the door opens and a hairy-chested man dressed in women's undergarments greets him, "Hi, I'm Marge."

Well, so much for that. Later that evening, Gus returns to his still-angry wife Brenda and presents her with something in a gift-wrapped box. This little surprise—we won't divulge what it is—makes her promptly forgive him his little infidelities and as the movie ends, we can deduce that hot sex is on the menu for the evening to come (although how Gus still has any staying-power left, we'll never know).

The role of Gus is portrayed convincingly by Jeffrey Hurst—who does for **Heavy Load** what Peter Boyle did for **Joe**, that is, makes it a helluva lot better than the script deserves. The women, too—particularly Andrea True and Samantha McLaren—prove to be competent actresses as well as performers. Much of the humor falls a bit flat and as I said before, there is no plot, but the sex is explicit and well-photographed and the film is enhanced by a competent director and cast.

Sally Sorell

"My three major interests in life are acting, modeling, and sex—not always in that order," says Nebraskan born Sally Sorell, who came to New York three years ago to break into show biz. "I knew it wasn't going to be easy, but I have a lot of confidence in myself and in my abilities." Sally shares a fourth floor walk-up apartment in New York's theatre district with boyfriend Alan—also an aspiring actor. "No performance in an X-rated movie could compare with the ones Al and I put on every night," she winks.





★ THE HOTTEST SHOW IN TOWN ★



A clown with the longest piece of meat on record leads young woman to fucking wheel.

This film about an erotic circus proves that explicit sex and quality can go hand in hand.

■ "Charming" is a word one can seldom use to describe an X-rated movie, but in the case of this Danish import, *The Hottest Show in Town*, it certainly applies. Unlike many American porn movies, one can find no trace of sex-is-sleazy-but-let's-make-a-buck-out-of-it. Not only is *The Hottest Show* sexually explicit, one cannot find the slightest trace of

"socially redeeming value" (for which we are thankful). The feeling that sex is beautiful, sex is tender, sex is good old-fashioned fun permeates the movie, which reminds us that cunt-lapping, cocksucking, and fucking are the healthiest pastimes imaginable.

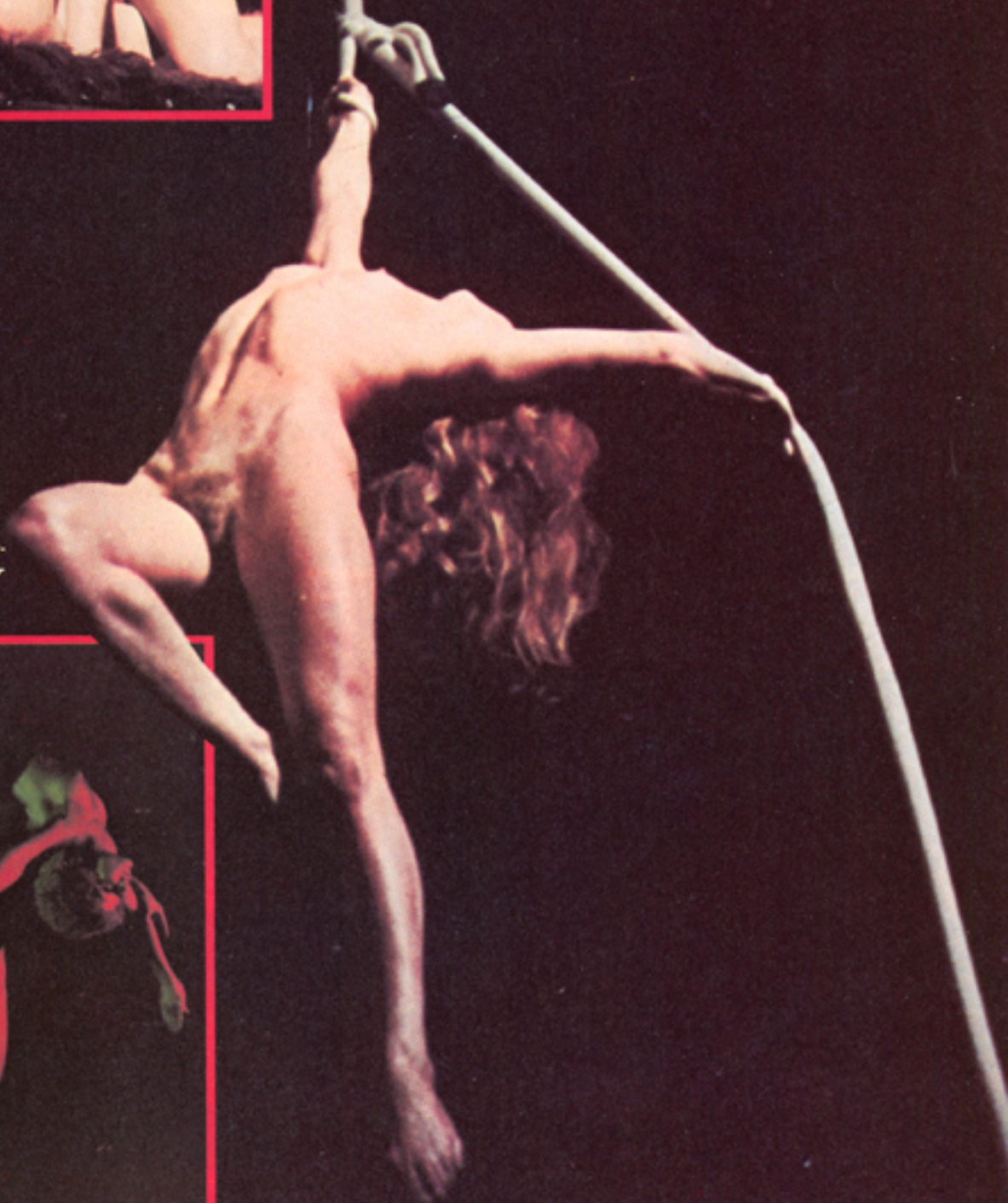
The Hottest Show has no plot to speak of, but what it does have is some of the most imaginative erotic "loops"

on film. It concerns a Danish traveling circus on the verge of bankruptcy. Audiences are no longer interested in the same, tired circus acts and unless something is done to alter the situation, the *Cirkus Kronhausen* will soon be out of business. The manager, desperate, nearly resigned to failure, notices that members of the circus are gathered in (Continued on page 60)

A threesome develops on a platform, under which is a bed of nails and the circus strongman.



Two gilded dancers perform on stage, but their performance offstage is not to be believed.





The circus performers hold an all-out orgy.



The circus manager and his lady friend decide to use the back door to pleasure.

A clown gets to work on a willing young woman.



SANDY AND PETER

Sandy McNally and Peter August are both studying dramatics and are living together. They both agreed to share with us some of their more intimate moments in hopes of being discovered by some talent agent. Who knows? Stranger things have happened. "I'm a double Scorpio," Peter informs us, and "Sandy is a Leo—which makes for a pretty hot combination in the sack. We have sizzling sex—to say the least."





Sandy hails from Dayton, Ohio, while Peter is a native of Syracuse, N.Y. They both met while students at a well-known acting school in Greenwich Village. "One of my best teachers is very uptight about nudity on the stage or on the screen," Sandy says, "but I think that's old-fashioned. I mean, the nude body is nothing to be ashamed of. Peter and I know we're attractive people and we have nothing to hide. I've heard that actors are more exhibitionistic than other people. I guess it's true, because making these pictures with Peter really turned me on—sexually. But then, Peter's peter always brings out the best in me."





"Sandy is exceptional in bed," Peter says. "She's not the least bit inhibited about anything and sometimes dreams up new ways and positions that I never would have thought of—and frankly, I've been around. She really gets a kick out of making love in unusual places. Last week we snuck into the Ladies' Room of a movie theatre and made it standing up in one of the stalls. If you think that's something, you should have seen us in Times Square last New Year's Eve. Wow!"

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STARLET OF THE ISSUE: ESTELLE WOOD

"I know I'm not the greatest actress in the world," Estelle Wood confesses, "at least, not yet. But I go to acting school five days a week and I'm learning my craft." Does Estelle have any desire to make X-rated movies? "Well," she smiles, uncrossing her legs, "I have no moral objections. I mean—I know I have a nice body and I have no objection to showing it off. But I wish that porno movies had better story lines. I feel that acting is acting, no matter what one is in. But face it, it takes no great acting ability to moan and groan and breathe heavily. That's why I admire Georgina Spelvin. She's a good actress as well as performer."









Whoever originated the saying, "There's a hot time in the old town tonight," must have been thinking of these two hotbeds of sin.

SODOM and GOMORRAH



Communal bathing gives these Sodomite women a chance for sexual fun and games.



Virgins on the verge are won in Sodom through male combat.

□ Due to some final reediting, *Sodom and Gomorrah* was not ready to be screened by press time, but we can give you an idea—plotwise—of what to expect.

The idea to make this picture was inspired by Justice Owen McGivern of the Criminal Court of the City of New York, who wrote that another Mitchell Brothers movie, *Behind the Green Door*, "would have been regarded as 'obscene' by the community standards of Sodom and Gomorrah." Well, thank you, Justice McGivern.

The plot—according to the filmmakers—is as follows: shortly after returning from Egypt, Abraham and his nephew Lot separate with their respective tribes and animals. Lot, his two daughters and his wife settle outside of Sodom, where they open up a business in the city's market place. Lot's eldest daughter, Leah, captures the eye of the city's king, Bera, who—because of his own

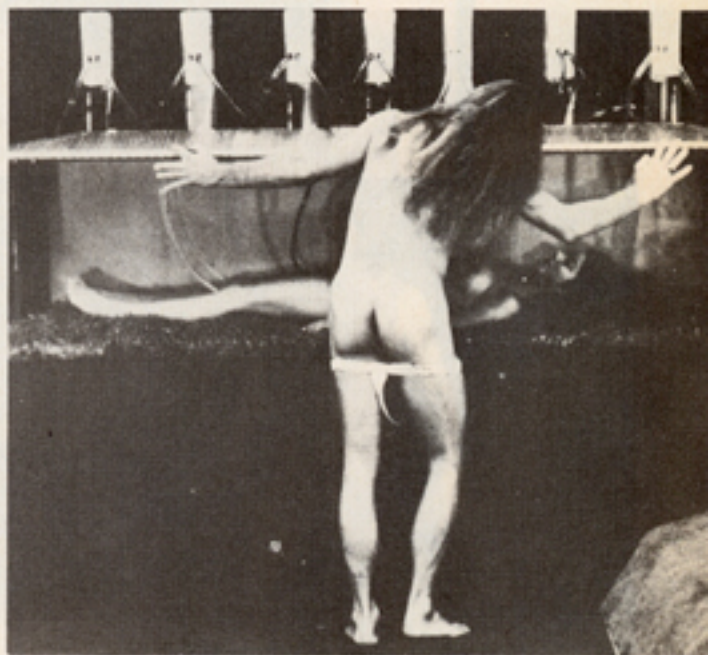
SODOM and GOMORRAH



Despite the king's restrictions on sex, love blossoms in Sodom.



This young woman, observed by a horny young man, is keeping her parts well oiled in this contraption.



impotency—has instituted harsh laws to restrict lovemaking.

Meanwhile, two astronauts, assigned to Earth to observe Sodom and to cure the people of a gonorrhea epidemic, institute a circumcision program with the aid of Abraham (although what cir-

cumcision has to do with curing the clap is beyond us at *Flick*).

King Bera has made Leah the official virgin of an annual festival, a role she apparently does not relish. (Who could blame her?) One of the astronauts, Pvt. Boas Rocket, falls in love with Leah and wins her in



Sometimes it's fun being up a tree—particularly when your legs are up in the air.



While the men of Sodom are away, the women will play... with one another.

combat during the celebrations.

By this time everyone begins to realize that the clap epidemic is out of hand, so while Lot and his two daughters flee the city (we all know what became of Lot's salty wife), the two astronauts routinely destroy the twin cities



Susan's erotic dreams save her from a reality which is far too frightening . . .



Sometime Sweet Susan



Voluptuous Shawn Harris portrays the mysterious Susan.



Harry Reems portrays Mark, a kindly doctor who hopes to win Susan's trust and confidence.



■ *Sometime Sweet Susan* is an attempt (like *Wet Rainbow*) to integrate explicit sex with a realistic story. I'm not sure this film is completely successful in accomplishing this, but it certainly deserves an "A" for effort.

Susan (played by Shawn Harris) is a patient at a mental institution. She has built a shell around herself and refuses to communicate with anyone, until Mark (Harry Reems), a handsome doctor, takes a personal interest in her.

Susan strikes Mark as being a gentle, loveable person who has suffered some type of traumatic experience. He consults with a colleague, Bill (Neil Flanagan) concerning the best means of treatment. Bill expresses an interest in meeting Susan, but when the two doctors go to her room, they find themselves greeted, not by the demure Susan, but by a crude, sensuous slut who calls herself "Sandra." The doctors now discover that they have an actual case of schi-

zophrenia combined with split personality on their hands.

Mark knows nothing of Susan's background—not even her last name—and sets about unraveling the mystery. As time goes by, he learns something of her repressive childhood, a youthful love affair with Johnny (Craig Baumgarten—interviewed in this issue), and a series of sexual escapades culminating in a cruel rape. The final irony—involving Susan's actual identity—serves as the movie's



Susan dreams about what it would be like to make love to Mark.

Mark doesn't realize how sexually arousing he is to his disturbed patient.





Susan's dream orgasm with Mark is probably far more real to her than the actual act would be.



Susan yearns for gentle, romantic passion in Mark's strong arms.

His hand gently caressing her is what she dreams of but is unable to verbally express.



A totally different personality takes over Susan's body. She becomes the slutty Sandra and promptly seduces the night nurse at the mental hospital.





Mark takes a shower with his girlfriend, Leslie (played by Sarah Nicholson).

punchline and ending.

So where does the sex come in? Throughout the movie, of course. Susan is continually fantasizing about Mark in the most explicit detail. Every time she sees him, she imagines what it would be like making love to him—generally in romantic, pastoral settings. She imagines his arms around her, his tongue exploring her yearning, nubile flesh, his cock plummeting into her moist recesses, the pleasures of simultaneous climax.

Yet Mark—in actuality—is a real man and not a dream figure. His actual sex life with his girlfriend Leslie (Sarah Nicholson) is far more earthy than ethereal. Leslie is a trifle jealous of Mark's interest in his patient, yet Leslie is also convinced of her own fascinations as a sexually liberated woman. She keeps Mark so busy screwing in bed, in the shower, or in any place that's reasonably secluded, Mark has little time for straying to another woman. At one point, in which Leslie gives Mark a blowjob in the best tradition of Deep



Leslie knows how to keep Mark's mind from straying to Susan.

Throat, the scene shifts to the hospital where Susan (in the vixenish personality of Sandra) seduces her blonde nurse (Kristen Steen). The movie's editor makes use of quick-

flash techniques between one couple and then the other to create a particularly arousing effect as the love-making of the heterosexual couple is contrasted with that of the lesbian duo.

The rape scene is worthy of note, since it is not presented in the usual savage way—but is seen through Susan's eyes and mind and attempts to record her own emotional reactions.

I suppose my basic objection to the movie—and this seems like an odd thing to say in a magazine about X-rated movies—is that the sex scenes get in the way of the story, thus weakening the story itself and making the characters less than convincing. Since so much footage is given to "loops," there is very little time for us to learn or care strongly about Susan's problems. There is no way in which the filmmakers can delve any more than in a superficial way into the reasons why she is as she is.

Also, some of the photography was quite good, but there were a few



Although Leslie is a bit jealous of Susan, she is confident of her own sexuality to keep her man in line.



Leslie, a sexually well-adjusted woman, has nothing to fear from the deeply disturbed Susan, whose tragic life becomes more complex as time progresses.



frames that were inexcusably out of focus. I wasn't sure whether this was the fault of the filmmaker or of a drunken projectionist in the sleazy Rialto theatre in Times Square where I saw the picture. There was also the problem of an annoying microphone that occasionally found its way before the camera.

On the plus side, the erotic scenes were exceptionally well handled and added a dimension many X-rated films lack—tenderness, compassion, the desire to satisfy one's partner. The actors and actresses involved looked as though they were enjoying themselves sexually. The positioning was natural and sex was

filmed as it actually occurs in life, rather than in the kinky mind of a director who doesn't know the first thing about love or emotion or, for that matter, sex.

I might also add that the acting by everyone is superior to the porno norm. Aside from the winsome Miss Harris and the familiar Harry Reems, keep your eyes on Sarah Nicholson—who may soon become one of the leading ladies of porn movies.

Before I get irate letters from readers who went to see *Susan* and saw everything but explicit sex, let me explain that the movie is being released in both a hard-core and a

soft-core X-rated version. If you are upset because the version shown in your area is soft-core, don't get angry with the filmmaker or distributor. Each community sets its own standards of what is acceptable to be shown—and if in your area, movie theatre owners have been harassed by so-called community leaders and the police, it's up to you and your friends to make your feelings on the matter felt. After all, you're part of the community too, so write to your legislators, your district attorneys, your state representatives, or anyone else who is depriving you of the chance to see *Susan* and similar movies in their original versions. ●

Kidnapping, espionage, and orgiastic delights
are the main ingredients of this X-rated film.

Pleasure so intense it's almost unbearable!

China Girl



Madame Wu is a spy with sensuous methods of extracting information.

□ *China Girl* is the first serious attempt I've seen of an espionage porno flick and while it succeeds in the explicit sex department, the "legit" aspects come off like a script reject from *Hawaii Five-O* (which is quite an accomplishment, since most of the scripts used on *Hawaii Five-O* look as though they were rejected from every other cop show going).

But let's get into the meat of the matter, so to speak. The complicated (though simple-minded) plot concerns an Oriental organization known as "Dragon" which sells top-secret

information to the highest bidder. "Dragon" has recently captured three top scientists, one of whom is (naturally) a voluptuous woman.

The organization's representative in America is a beautiful Chinese woman named Madame Wu, but unlike her superior—the sadistic Mr. Chan (no relation to Charlie)—Madame Wu has kinder methods of extracting secret information from the kidnapped scientists. She concedes that while there are limits to pain that an individual can endure before spilling the beans, the same method can be used

in regard to pleasure. In other words, too much sex can drive a guy bananas.

Indeed, Madame Wu is completely successful with the two male scientists. We see one of them getting the full sex treatment as a bevy of beauties grope, fondle, screw, lick, suck and tantalize him practically to death. (But what a way to go!)

But alas, Madame Wu's methods are less successful with the female scientist, who apparently has no limits to the amount of pleasure she can stand. Three muscular studs eat, fuck, and fondle her, while she



Madame Wu knows how to throw a lesbian orgy, particularly when its sole purpose is to obtain scientific secrets.





*This tantalizing
appetizer is just
a prelude to the
orgy of pleasure
that causes this
male scientist to
spill the beans
(as well as seed).*





Madame Wu finds herself curiously drawn to the female scientist and wishes to save her from the clutches of the evil Dr. Chan.



responds in triplicate—jerking off one, fucking a second, and screwing a third. But alas, she is still ready for more, so Madame Wu tries the lesbian approach and sends in a coterie of cunt-lapping lovelies to further drive the ecstatic woman over the breaking point. But unfortunately, our lusty scientist is far from satiated. About the only positive result of all this explicit erotica is to turn Madame Wu herself on to the nubile female.

Meanwhile, the evil Dr. Chan is anxious for results, preferring a sadistic approach to obtain information. He also believes (and rightly so) that Madame Wu has failed by becoming emotionally involved with one of the kidnapped doctors. He plans to "eliminate" Madame Wu from his organization and to murder the scientists as well.

Naturally everyone (but the unfortunate Madame Wu) is saved in the



Madame Wu avoids using this torture room if she can help it.

knick of time, and the "dirty comedies" (or whatever) do not make off with the top secret info.

So much for the plot of *China Girl*, which by Grade-B movie standards is pretty tired stuff. But on the plus side, the actors and actresses are for the most part extremely attractive performers (a rarity in many porn films). The photography is exceptional and the orgiastic sex scenes have everything a horny viewer could want.

One has to admire the makers of *China Girl* for at least trying to blend a story line with the "loops." Summer Brown, the producer (a delightful and attractive woman whom I met recently at a sex symposium) is working on a new film, and I sincerely hope that she (and her husband-partner) spend more time on developing a good story line in their upcoming venture, since they already have the sexual aspects on a high-quality level.



LUCINDA LAWRENSON



Lucinda—Lucy to her friends—is a California-based actress and model. Originally from Vermont, she still has traces of a New England accent and a New England sense of economy and stability. "A lot of the women in Hollywood are pushovers," she says. "They think if they sleep around, they'll become stars. I don't." But Lucy doesn't need to, for she has real talent—at least in the looks department.

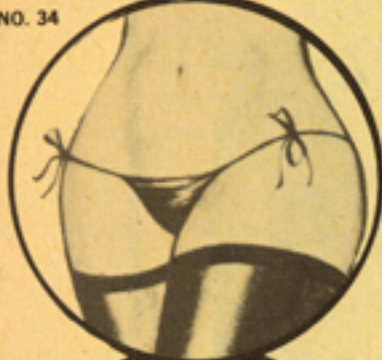
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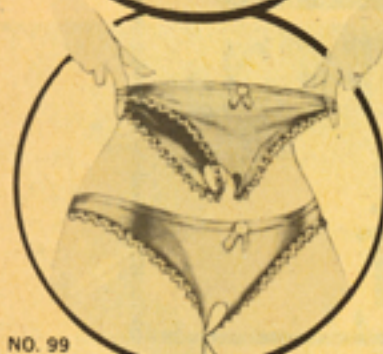
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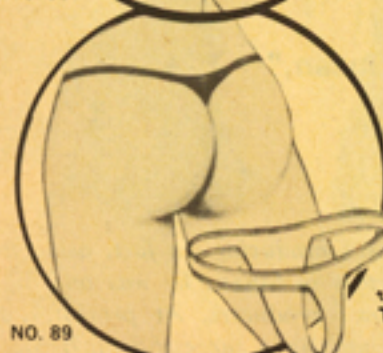
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INTERVIEW WITH



CRAIG BAUMGARTEN: PORNO STAR FOR A NIGHT

From aide to Mayor John V. Lindsay
of New York to actor in "Sometime Sweet Susan,"
Craig proves that porn as well as
politics make strange bedfellows.

Interviewed by BOB ANSELLE

□ Craig Baumgarten is dark-haired, doe-eyed, and soft-spoken, hardly the sort of fellow one would envision as a full-time porno actor. But then, neither does Craig envision himself in that role. How he came to perform in *Sometime Sweet Susan* is somewhat of a fluke, but perform he did—with

more emotion and sensitivity than most "legitimate" actors can muster in a non-X-rated movie.

It is a fantasy of many men to consider what it would be like to make love to a beautiful woman on film. Craig had his chance, made the most of it, and returned to the work he does

best—producing. In fact, aside from acting in *Susan*, he was one of the film's producers. At present, he is producing a successful off-Broadway comedy entitled *Women Behind Bars*, a satiric (and affectionate) look at women's-prison movies of the Forties and Fifties.

Flick: Being associated with a sexually explicit movie must be about the last thing you had in mind when you first came to New York. Weren't you originally an aide to former Mayor Lindsay?

Craig: That was why I came here—to work with John Lindsay. I have great respect for the man and I'm grateful for the opportunity I had to work in the administration, but politics—at this point—is not something I want to spend full time with. It's filled with a lot of nonsense, a lot of hypocrisy. I was looking for something to do with my life in which I could deal honestly and directly with people. Filmmaking gives me the freedom to do and talk about things directly and honestly. Nothing's more frustrating than to work for somebody else, taking orders from somebody else, and having to express opinions and deal with subjects in a way in which one doesn't agree. And with due respect to the mayor, one can't agree with a boss 100 per cent of the time.

Flick: And does being a producer accomplish your aims?

Craig: What we did with *Susan* and are doing with *Women Behind Bars* is to deal with things that are very real to me—and we're trying to relate them to other people.

Flick: How did you progress from a



Craig and Sometime Sweet Susan star Shawn Harris act out the movie's most intimate love scene.

producer to an actor in *Susan*?

Craig: The young man who was supposed to do the part got the porno equivalent of cold feet. It was too late to get someone else, so it was either me—or cut the scene. I had been studying acting and directing because some day I'm interested in directing

my own film.

Flick: Did you find it difficult to perform sexually before others?

Craig: A lot of us have an exhibitionist fantasy. We want to show ourselves off—men as well as women. I think, maybe men *more* than women. I suppose that this was a part of my own make-up. But basically, I got into a trip with the young lady I did the scene with—Shawn Harris. I'm very close to her off-screen. We just sort of made believe there was no one else there. We made love to each other as we would in private. And that's what it was all about—just as it looked on the screen. Nice, soft, tender—and very enjoyable. We had a good time.

Flick: But even so, weren't you distracted by all the people, cameras, etc.?

Craig: The people on the set knew that it was the first time I'd ever done this—been a professional performer in a hard-core film. And Shawn is not a regular in the business either. I think one of the reasons we did this film was because we had a different attitude about how sex should be shown on the screen. Sex is something I enjoy and dig doing. And I don't do it unless I *do* enjoy it. If I'm not having a good time, I stop. You see, I enjoy making





**"I don't want to screw people for bread.
And I didn't do this for that reason.
I wanted to do it. I dug the lady."**



love to Shawn—and that's what it was. We were aware that there were other people in the room and that the director was there, but it was sort of like making love with the record player on. Occasionally you get into the rhythm of the music, but it doesn't distract you from your partner. In the back of my mind I would move my arm or roll over—whatever the director said—but it didn't take away from what was happening between Shawn and me.

Flick: How did Shawn adapt to doing explicit scenes?

Craig: She was nervous at first. It was difficult for her; it created a lot of conflicts in her head. I mean—when we are growing up we are all taught that certain things are very dirty, negative. But some of us can look back and say that's a lot of shit. There's nothing dirty at all about sex; there's nothing dirty about making a film about sex. It may be dirty making a Kung Fu film in which people get their genitals ripped off and blood gushes out. It's a matter of personal taste. It was tough for Shawn to deal with her conflicts while making the film, but after it was over, she was pleased with what happened. I hope she gets a break to do other kinds of things so she can show that she has as much talent as I believe she has.

Flick: Have you made any plans to act in another (Continued on page 62)



CUMING ATTRACTIONS

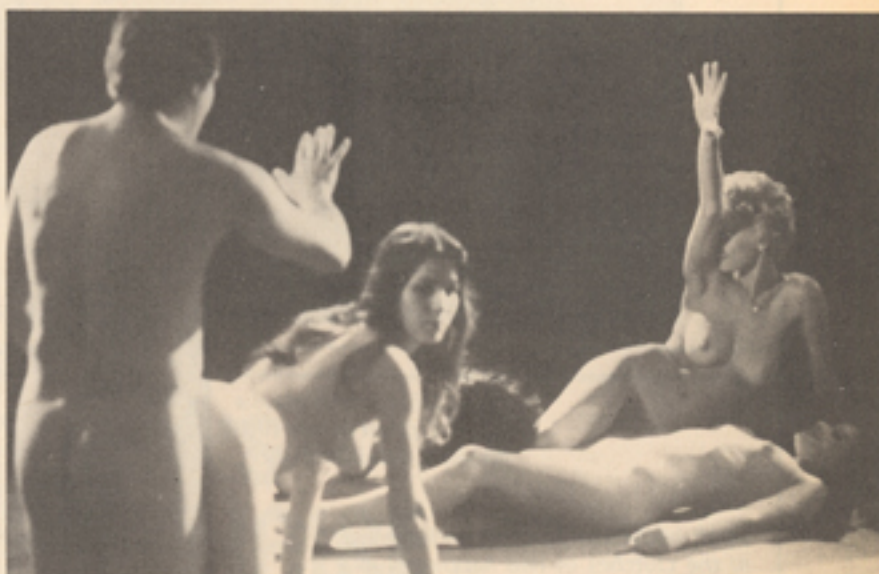
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with every man or woman who
would have her.***



*The pleasures of oral sex are familiar
to horny Anita.*



*Participating in group sex is a common occurrence
in Anita's life.*

BOTH WAYS

***He turned on to women
and to men—until his wife
found out about his
boyfriend and his
boyfriend found out
about his wife. Then the
fireworks started.***



*Donald (Gerald Grant)
loves his wife Janet (Andrea
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student named Gary as well.*

FIREWORKS WOMAN

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Eric Edwards plays a priest in love with his sister, Sarah Nicholson.

Sarah Nicholson (center) finds herself in the clutches of two happy-go-lucky sadists.



SEX TEEN

She was sweet sixteen and had never been
kissed . . . she was too busy screwing



READER'S QUESTIONNAIRE

☐ We would like **Flick** to fit the needs of our readers as much as possible. If we're doing something right, we'd like to know about it, and if we're fucking up, we'd like to know that as well. Only you—our readers—can help us make **Flick** the best magazine of its type.

1. Kindly check the boxes below that apply to you:

I am Single ☐ Married ☐ Divorced ☐ Shacking up ☐

Sex: Male ☐ Female ☐

Education: Did not complete high school ☐ High school graduate ☐ Did not complete college ☐ College Graduate ☐

Occupation:

Age: Below 18 ☐ 18-25 ☐ 26-35 ☐ 36-45 ☐ Over 45 ☐

Average Income: Below \$5000 ☐ \$5000-10,000 ☐ \$10,000-

\$15,000 ☐ \$15,000-\$20,000 ☐ \$20,000-\$40,000 ☐

\$40,000-\$60,000 ☐ Over \$60,000 ☐

2. What was your favorite article in this month's **Flick**?

3. What was your least favorite article?

4. Is there any subject pertaining to X-rated movies you would like us to cover?

5. Did you find any item advertised in **Flick** of interest to you? Yes ☐ No ☐ If yes, have you bought any advertised products? Yes ☐ No ☐

6. What sort of items would you like to see advertised in **Flick**?

7. Would you like to see full-length X-rated movies advertised in **Flick**? Yes ☐ No ☐

8. Do you have any favorite porno actors or actresses? Yes ☐ No ☐ If Yes, who?

9. Do you enjoy the movie reviews: Most of the time ☐ Sometimes ☐ Never ☐

10. Do you think the reviews should be Serious ☐ Humorous ☐ Raunchy ☐ Longer ☐ Shorter ☐ Other ☐ Check those which apply, and if you answered "Other," please specify:

11. Additional comments:

PORN: A BILLION DOLLAR BUSINESS

(Continued from page 8)

unusual problem. They strive for the public image of magazines published for women. Unfortunately (from their point of view) they are also very popular among homosexual men. The magazines vehemently deny the existence of a substantial male audience and it is nearly impossible to get even the most approximate statistical breakdown of their circulation data. Yet cursory observation of various newsstands in the larger metropolitan areas such as San Francisco, Chicago and New York, all known for their large gay populations, indicate that a large number of the "women's magazines" are indeed purchased by men.

As lucrative as the market which

women provide may be, the major purchasers of pornography are men. Observing the operation of an adult book store is an interesting experience. There always seem to be a large number of browsers, people who walk in and spend anywhere from five to thirty minutes looking through various magazines before leaving the store without buying anything. For this reason, most stores have begun wrapping their merchandise in clear plastic, leaving only the front and back covers accessible for viewing. One Washington, D.C. store was forced to adopt this practice when the skin magazines made the switch from nudie pix to hard-core. The aisles had always been packed with people pawing through the numerous magazines, but as they became more graphic they also became more expensive, and the crowds had grown to unmanageable proportions. Still, the browsers were not unwelcome. One store owner, a graduate of Harvard Business School and former executive of IBM, explained the reason:

"Very few people come in and buy anything the first time. Usually they come in one day and spend a little time looking around. They leave without buying

anything, but within a few days they're back. Then they rush in, walk directly to a particular part of the store, pick up a book or a magazine, pay for it, and are out of the store in less than three minutes. People buying sex books tend to act rather schizy. They feel that if they have been in here for a while, someone might remember them. By rushing in and out, they feel like they maintain their anonymity. Sure, some are just dead-beats, but there are enough of the others to make it worthwhile. After all, this is where the money is."

Pornography is where the money is. It is true now and will become even truer if the nation experiences the expected return to conservatism. As with any consumer product, the demand is constantly changing. The future is unclear. The general feeling, however, is that the hard-core market is either at or is nearing its peak. A lot of people are becoming bored with the "wham, bam" aspects of the current porno scene. Trends indicate that a return to the less graphic but more erotic versions of prefabricated fantasy is at hand. Only one thing is certain: Pornography, however it may alter, will always be with us. ●

HOTTEST SHOW IN TOWN

(Continued from page 24)

a circle, watching two of the show's poodles fucking. Instead of being concerned with the desperate financial straits, the members of the company are laughing raucously as the two dogs play out their sexual scene. The germ of an idea is born in the manager's mind. What if the stale and traditional circus acts could be altered? What if explicit sex were blended into the ageless rituals? What would happen if a new world were created of naked trapeze artists, of fornicating clowns, of acrobats twisted into bizarre and wonderful sexual positions? Well, why not?

Before long the *Cirkus Kronhausen* is indeed transformed into *The Hottest Show In Town* as long lines of customers wait their chance to see the startling, revamped acts.

Since olden times people have been attracted not only by the skills of circus performers but by the magic of the Big Top world, by the fantasies and dreams inherent in a manufactured world where the impossible becomes possible. The filmmakers have kept this magical feeling intact, and several of the sex scenes are

so inspired that they transcend porn and become surrealist art.

Whenever a review makes a statement such as the above, a reader often thinks, "Aw, hell, anything 'arty' is about as erotic as a wet mop." But in this instance, I am not using the word "artistic" in reference to diffused photography, pastoral settings seen from two miles away, double images or any of those other overused techniques that manage to aseptinize sex and make it boring. I'm using "artistic" strictly in terms of an original concept fulfilled.

For example, in one scene we see a man screwing a woman in a pale blue setting that gives one neither a feeling of time nor space. Surrounding the couple are a number of rods planted into the ground. On the top of each a plate is spinning. Every few minutes the man pulls out of the woman, jumps up, and makes sure that all of the plates are still rotating, for he knows that if he becomes too involved with fucking, the plates will crash to the ground. Ultimately, however, the man and woman cannot hold back any longer and as they work their way to a simultaneous climax, first one plate falls, then another crashes to the ground, and so on.

The above scene accomplishes several things. First of all—and on the most obvious level—one has an old circus routine refashioned to fit a sexual situation. But on another level—for more serious thinkers—one has a valid allegory of life itself: of responsibility versus

pleasurable abandonment, of a routine existence versus unconventionality, of struggle versus submission. But is such a scene erotic? Hell, yes. And even the dullest member of the audience can relate to it on several levels, even if he is not aware of what he is doing or feeling. This subconscious awareness is expressed through his laughter. Why would this sexual exercise in futility be funny? Because the struggle of this man trying to keep his plates spinning at the same time he fucks is a struggle all of us endure in different ways—whether or not the connection is obvious to us. And doesn't our laughter give us a chance to appreciate the humor in our own situation?

Many of the other circus acts are less "philosophical." There's the clown who rams a huge rubber cock into a horny female acrobat while she rotates on a huge "fucking wheel." There are the naked trapeze and aerial artists carrying on like mad fools on the high wire. There's the G-stringed woman who has knives hurled at her; there are fornicating circus animals, erotic dancers, midgets screwing one another, and on and on.

Can you imagine two lesbians sucking on each other's twats as they lie upon a platform which rests on the body of the circus strongman? So what? Well, the bottom of the platform is completely studded with nails. (I kept on thinking throughout this scene how painful it would be if the strongman got an erection.)

Another rather ingenious scene in-

volves a striptease before an imaginary mirror. On one side of a frame is a beautiful female, while on the other is a male clown, dressed in exactly the same outer garments, undergarments, wigs, accessories. Is it a comically grotesque parody? Or does this scene tell us something humorous about role-playing?

I might also add that the circus performers are even hornier off-stage than on. As the movie reaches a climax, everyone in it—from the midgets to the acrobats to the clowns to the dancers to the dogs and horses—reaches a climax as well in one of the most orgasmic bits of movie editing you are likely to witness.

The Hottest Show in Town does have its faults, however, most of which are technical. Occasionally the photography

becomes too dark and somber. Some of the dubbing mixed with the editing is confusing, and there are times when one isn't sure if a wild sex act is actually taking place or if it is a product of the manager's imagination. It's possible, I suppose, that some of the editing is done intentionally to confuse us, since many aspects of circus life are based on illusion. However, this point continues to puzzle me. And frankly, I wouldn't mind seeing this film another time to catch some of the things I probably missed (for there is a helluva lot to see and sometimes it goes by too fast). And believe me, most porn films I can hardly bear to sit through once, so *The Hottest Show* must be something special if I admit to you my readiness to experience it again.

LAYING THEIR WAY THROUGH COLLEGE

(Continued from page 12)

oak trees and a chest as broad as a double bed. There was only one underdeveloped muscle on his body and he couldn't get that one hard. What a dud! But most of the time I enjoy my work. Basically I'm a show-off."

"One of the nicest things about being a sex-film star is that it's a better way than being elected homecoming queen to become the most popular girl on campus," interjected Helen's best friend, Marta. It was she who got Helen her first role in a loop. A knock-out whose bosom would make Raquel Welch jealous, Marta acquired a reputation at school for being a "loner."

She and her childhood sweetheart got engaged on the day they both graduated from high school. Three weeks later he was killed when a truck slammed into his motorcycle.

"Brad was always the guy for me," Marta said, "I never really got into the whole boy-girl thing because he and I grew up together. I never learned to play the coquette, lead guys on, make them ask me out. When I came to the university I was still upset about Brad. That, and my lack of what they call 'feminine wiles' caused the guys to think I was stand-offish. What's worse, I threw myself into the school books and ranked at the top of my class. No matter what you hear about 'male liberation,' guys still don't like girls who are smarter than they."

"I had this roommate whose boyfriend did darkroom work for a guy who made loops. They were talking about it one day and I asked him if he could get me into a movie. I don't know why I asked; I'd never thought about doing anything like

that before, but at that moment it seemed like a fun thing to do. He took me around to meet his boss, who liked me. An hour later I was making a movie with my roommate's boy friend while she watched. I really dug it."

"I only intended to do it the one time, but a couple of months later a guy in my English Lit class sidled up to me and said he'd seen me in a stag film at a party. I was really embarrassed at first. It seemed like every guy on campus was staring at me. As it turned out, a lot of them were, but in a nice way, a way that said 'I liked what I saw.'"

"That didn't affect my social life at first. Nobody asked me out. Later I found out that the men thought that a swinging college version of Linda Lovelace might be too much for them to handle. Despite their bragging, you know, a lot of guys don't have that much experience—or confidence. Finally, one got up enough nerve to ask me for a date. Others followed his example when they found out that I was just a woman and not a super woman. I have my pick of the guys, and I still make the films. It keeps up my reputation as somebody special around here."

"One might think that other women would be jealous of a woman who has a reputation for being a sex star. Marta and Helen agree that's not much of a problem for them. "Some of the girls, particularly the frigid ones and the professional virgins, are shocked. At least they pretend to be," Helen said. "But the liberated ones, the nice ones, are either amused or say they think we're great."

"The feminists don't," laughed Marta. "Right!" Helen guffawed. "The campus feminists voted a resolution denouncing us as 'professional sex objects.' A few of them, the kinder ones, wanted to pity us for 'allowing ourselves to be exploited,' as they put it."

"It didn't help that the former boy friend of the head feminist is now Helen's

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fiance," Marta added.

"Most girls, like most guys, think what we do is a hoot," Helen explained. "Five or six have asked me to get them film jobs, as have four of the guys. The photographer needs a steady stream of fresh faces and bodies, so I take the volunteers down. Most of them, including my fiance, have done some films."

This form of introduction seems to be the general pattern around the country. One person, or one couple, on a campus gets involved. Others hear about it and want to get in on the action. College officials claim that, as far as they know, there is no effort on the part of photographers to scout up new talent on campuses.

"You'd be a fool to do that," commented one of the largest filmmakers. "So many of those kids are under the legal age of consent. That's problem number one. Number two is that the law would be all over us in a minute if we tried recruiting around schools. We have

enough problems already and don't need any new ones. Besides, we get enough volunteers, people begging to make a fuck film, that we don't have to go out and hustle for more."

So far as anyone can tell, the top money-maker among college stars of X-rated movies is a girl known as "Ilka" who is often billed as the "Scandinavian Hot Box." Her name is actually Rita Mae and she hails from Tennessee by way of a New England university. It is said in the business that "Ilka" made more than \$20,000 last year from the five feature films and innumerable loops she made in her spare time. Rita Mae puts the figure at closer to \$8,000, still not peanuts for part-time work.

The top male money maker in the college league is Danny, a pre-law student from the Middle West. He is not particularly handsome, well-built nor well-endowed, but he has what it takes for a man to make money in this business: remarkable staying power, the ability to

get and keep an erection under trying circumstances, and incredible recuperative abilities. While most men are more than satisfied after two or three times, Danny can go on all day with no noticeable loss of stamina. Performers are paid by the day and the photographers shoot as long as the film, or the performers hold out. With Danny, it's usually the film which is exhausted first, so he's much in demand by producers.

Producing, directing and starring in X-rated movies seems to have an irresistible combination of benefits. The pay is good (\$75 to \$100 a day for loops), the hours are short, the work is not exactly hard labor, and it can bring recognition. Thus it is not surprising that making sex films is the latest fad among college students. Who among us, if we could lose a few pounds and somehow regain that fresh-faced look, wouldn't like to pick up a fast \$100 a day for making love to the star of an X-rated movie? ●

CRAIG BAUMGARTEN

(Continued from page 36)

X-rated flick?

Craig: No immediate plans, but if something good came up—an interesting part—I probably would. There was nothing negative about the experience. It was sort of fun—all the notoriety and the rest of it.

Flick: At least you were a fresh face. Many people complain that they see the same people over and over in porn films.

Craig: Sure, there are five or six guys and at least one of them is in every movie. There are reasons for that. For producers it can be a very negative experience to have an actor who can't perform, who can't get it hard. It's very bad for the film—with 20 people waiting around for some guy to get himself hard or for a woman to get him hard. But then, there are some guys who can get it hard regularly and consistently—all the time. So one hires those guys. With a woman you have different problem. There's much more of an impetus to get new, fresh women. People who go to these films don't care who the guy is. They want to see the chick getting it. To a producer nothing is worse than to sit there, watching thousands of dollars go down the drain because of some guy—who is in his first film and was cocky as can be—can't get himself an erection. I mean, that's a pain in the ass.

Flick: Is that what happened to the actor you replaced?

Craig: The guy I took over for got

himself drunk and freaked himself out over doing a porno film. A lot of people may have a fantasy about making a porno film, but they don't want to deal with the actuality. The same is true of the famous rape fantasy that a lot of women are supposed to have. They don't really want to be raped. They just want the fantasy.

Flick: And yet you're not a professional actor and were able to take over?

Craig: I was relaxed when I did it, although a lot of people were really concerned with whether or not I could. You know—if he doesn't get it hard, what then? But it's never been a problem to me in any other situation. Sure, I smoked a little, but I wasn't zonked out. It was just to relax. After all, there was acting in the scene. There was a definite emotion we were both trying to convey. That's what was concerning me. I felt that if I could get myself to believe that emotion and deal with it, then getting an erection was not going to be a problem. I was making love to a woman that I cared about. We were dealing with characterizations of people much younger than ourselves and with a mood that was not normal for either one of us. It was a matter of creating that mood and believing it, realizing it, having it live for us. Getting an erection was a very natural thing. I don't want to screw people for bread. And I didn't do this for that reason. I wanted to do it. I dug the lady, so that wasn't a hassle. It was a new experience I was interested in and anxious for—and came away pleased with the results. My philosophy is if something feels good, go with it.

Flick: What do you think about the overall quality of porn films?

Craig: Considering the limited budget, I don't think the acting is any worse in porn films than in a lot of TV sitcoms. And a lot of people making X-rated films are concerned with quality. There are only so many ways you can show people fucking, and once you've done it, you have to create some other interest. It's a medium that's still growing and developing and has yet to find its own identity.

Flick: Some filmmakers are going in for some very kinky sex to keep the audience awake. How do you feel about that?

Craig: I think people are reaching out for new thrills and kicks. The success of a movie like *Defiance* leads a lot of people to think that kinky sex is what's happening now. Maybe it is. I mean, there's nothing new about *Deep Throat*. I suppose if people want to see it, then that's valid reason enough for letting it be seen. I don't understand why some people in this country feel this insane necessity and desire to inflict their moral standards on other people. No one forces anyone to go into any movie theatre. Those films are not shown on the street for children or for anyone to see. You gotta pay five bucks—or three bucks, whatever it is—and you know exactly what you're going to see when you go into the theatre. The ads intentionally inform you. Most of the time what you see isn't as titillating as the ads, I think. I mean—*Masters of Discipline*—and then they whip somebody with a piece of spaghetti. So what's the big deal?

Flick: I know that you personally would not make a film advocating violence, so how would you justify the rape scene in *Susan*?

Craig: What we did was different from rape scenes in other X-rated films. We tried to show what was going on in a woman's mind. I believe the physical focusing in on rape is very distasteful. Most of us who make sex films aren't at all concerned with violence. I'm not personally, although I don't think violent pictures lead people to violent acts. To my personal taste—it's obscene. But Susan doesn't deal with violence and the rape scene is not photographed to emphasize these aspects.

Flick: How did you enjoy working with Harry Reems?

Craig: We're close friends and had a good time doing the film. We hang out together off the screen. He's a nice, personable guy and we enjoy each other's company. We go out together—with women occasionally—to his summer home in Pennsylvania. Right now, he's traveling around the country promoting his new book, *Here Comes Harry Reems*—which is all about his experiences in the business: his comings and goings. He's a real professional in what he does and is one of the few people in this business who has a desire to do some difficult, challenging things. So it was good working with him. I enjoyed it.

Flick: What about Sarah Nicholson? We at Flick think she's going to be one of the top porno stars of the future.

Craig: Sarah? She's a fabulous girl. Great to work with and loves her work. She loves to screw. Really gets into it and is really tremendous.

Flick: I was told that two versions of *Sometime Sweet Susan* are being released. True?

Craig: Yes. We have a hard X-rated version and a soft X-rated one—so we can play it in certain areas. We're not out to be arrested or to break new ground. I'm not a crusader in that sense. I already went through that phase in politics. We are trying to avoid legal difficulty with the softer version, particularly in parts of the South and Southwest.

Flick: Won't that deceive potential audiences who have read reviews of the hard version?

Craig: That bugs me and I agree with you—but it's really not our fault. It's their fault. If they want to see explicit films in their community then they must take it into their own hands. There's a legal establishment out there that wants to bust our asses. And we can't change the local community standards. Only the local community can. The courts have been pretty clear on that. There are local prosecuting agencies in some towns and they're closing down local movie theatres that play hard-core films. I'd encourage any of those people who object to what's happening to peg down the local officials. It was recently done on Long Island—in



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Nassau and Suffolk county—where the people got rid of some local D.A.'s who were very difficult on hard-core films, replacing them with two guys who have a much more mature and realistic attitude.

Flick: Then would you recommend voting such "moral guardians" out of office?

Craig: Yes, the voting booth. Also petitions, vocal opposition to what local officials are doing. Local officials are very easy to deal with when their constituency takes a stand on an issue. If their constituency doesn't want X-rated films harassed, then local officials are not going to harass them.

Flick: Do you think the problem is worse in other parts of the country than in New York?

Craig: *Deep Throat* was declared obscene in New York and in the same version was declared *not* obscene in Salt Lake City, Utah. How more conservative can you get than the heart of Mormon town? There's more furor in New York by some people who are concerned with our image as "Sin City." Which is a bunch of bullshit. The sins in this city that concern me are the drug addicts, the muggers, the murderers and rapists. The President's

Commission (on Pornography and Obscenity) has shown us that sex movies and massage parlors and the rest of it deter sex crimes and don't encourage them.

Flick: Will you be producing any new movies in the future?

Craig: Yes, one called *Ava 1982*, a futuristic sex film—soft core—with Gerry Damiano. It's written by Tom Eyan and deals with a futuristic society in which sex has gone wild. As Gerry says, "Be careful what you wish for or you might get it." A lot of us go around wishing for free sex and free love and we find sometimes that when we obtain it, it's not all that it's cracked up to be.

Flick: Tell us something about the play you're now involved with.

Craig: Well, I hope that by the time this interview comes out it will be a big hit. (Editor's note: It is.) *Women Behind Bars* is a realistic—though comic—look at life in the Women's House of Detention (a once notorious women's prison in Greenwich Village) in the 1950's. It's a frank play, we don't mince words. It's also a take-off on all those women's movies of the fifties. There's nudity and a couple of sex scenes in the play. There's a

scene in which one of the women gets raped—by a broom, and then there's a love-making scene with the matron, but there's no actual fucking on the stage.

Flick: Well, if they're all women, that would prove rather difficult.

Craig: There is one man. There's a scene in which he gets raped by all the women in the prison on Visitor's Day. And it's a pretty funny scene. You have all these women who've been in jail for ten years and haven't seen a man. And he walks into the cell and they charge after him and rip his clothes off—literally, then rape him. The matron comes in during the middle of this and throws him out. It's basically a very funny play, but it says some real things. Sort of black comedy.

Flick: I realize that you're involved in the play now, and that *Susan* is somewhat behind you, but if you had to, how would you sum up the movie?

Craig: Well, I think Al Goldstein pinned the film down just as it was in his *Screw* review: a film for couples, for people to see together. A film that deals with real sex in a visual sense, but not in a way in which we try to shock or offend people. We tried to attract them to the softness and sensuality of sex. ●

MARC "10½" STEVENS

(Continued from page 16)

back to your start, you said it first began when somebody offered to pay you just to see it.

STEVENS: Well, he offered me fifty bucks, and it was easy. When you put fifty bucks on the table, my cock gets hard, and I don't care what your age or your social security number is. Money blocks up my mind very quickly. I want to have a lot of money. I admitted it on the Tom Snyder Show, and everybody gave me a cheer.

FLICK: Was that when you were first turned on to the power between your legs?

STEVENS: Oh, yes. After that, everybody made me offers. And I made some big dollars in my day. But that put me face-to-face with my homosexuality, and I got into a very serious drug world because of that. And, from then, it was downhill all the way. I went into the barbiturate scene, and I did a lot of hustling—both men and women.

FLICK: What would you say is the basic attitude of the people who pay you for sex?

STEVENS: Generally, the people who pay me for sex are not very polite, and not very nice. They want just one thing—sex. They're not interested in chit-chat.

They don't want to hear about my latest movie, or my trips to Paris, or who I'm socializing with. They're just interested in cock. My own attitude is a better one. I think I give a lot more now, because I don't do it as often as I used to. So I have to give a good performance, because of who I am.

FLICK: Didn't your big cock create a lot of problems for you, at least at first?

STEVENS: Definitely. I had a lot of trouble balling chicks. "You're not putting *that* thing in me," they would say, and I used to feel bad. I learned to come very quickly, sometimes by putting just the head in, and believe it or not, I used to dry-fuck through my clothes.

FLICK: What kind of chicks or guys give you the greatest satisfaction?

STEVENS: Open ones.

FLICK: Wide-open ones?

STEVENS: Not really. I don't dig giving anyone any pain whatever. Anytime someone would say, "You're hurting me," my cock would go limp immediately. Actually, I like people who are very open sexually, and very verbal. It's so important today. If you want a chick to give you better head, say "Sweetheart, suck it harder." Don't force her head down on your cock and risk getting it scratched. You know, the cock is pretty important. I'll admit to your readers that it's not size. It's not the ship in the ocean—it's the motion of the ocean. I get as much pleasure out of coming as a guy with a four-inch cock. I'm not knocking size, because I

capitalize on it, but for all the male readers who think that size is important, take it from a guy who's known for his size. All the girls I interviewed for my book, *10½*, say "It's not so much his size. Marc Stevens has a big cock, and he's good in bed, but it's not so much that. I like his personality." I think that that's what has always won me over, and kept me above the smut line.

FLICK: Is there a "Stevens method" of sexual intercourse?

STEVENS: That would take a whole new book, but basically it's being open, comfortable and conversational. I mean, I'm like the all-American boy next door. I ride bikes, I love baseball, I'm a good horseback rider, I'm a good swimmer, I love to eat pizza, I love apple pie, I love my mother, I have an education, my father was an English professor until he died, and I have three nice sisters. And my mother adores me.

FLICK: Your life seems to be full of people.

STEVENS: The only thing I do alone is shit. If I had to ride the elevator alone, I think I'd go bananas. I have a lot of friends whom I love, and they love me. I don't even shower alone.

FLICK: Did you take up acting?

STEVENS: Yes, I went to acting school, and they didn't teach me anything, and I feel that, for an actor, if you've got it, you've got it—it's an innate thing. I'm not bothered by the shit Al Goldstein writes about me—we saw Marc Stevens in another tired flick. I know I'm

not the greatest actor, but I'm a working actor.

FLICK: How did you get your first real acting job?

STEVENS: I first went into modeling because I had a very interesting look. Unfortunately, I was not successful as a model because my look is European, and they were interested in a Gentleman's Quarterly soldier kind of look, which they were running. I had a lot of friends, so I was well-liked, but it wasn't working out and it wasn't what I wanted. So somebody told me to take my shirt off, get into my underwear, and promised me \$180 an hour, and the progression went that way. And then I got an offer for a thousand a week to do live shows on 42nd Street, and my desire for the stage was there, so I went into that, and the money was great, and I was like the Johnny Carson of 42nd Street. It was good training to work with these drunks who came in. I would challenge the audience to come up and I would say, "Hey, look, if you think you can do any better, you come up here." Well, actually two guys came up on the stage with a knife, and I'm scared of types like that. I'm having my genitalia insured by Lloyds of London for a million dollars. For six months, the premiums are a little over six hundred dollars. But that covers not just my cock, but my entire lower body.

FLICK: Have you suffered much harassment?

STEVENS: Yes. Darby Lloyd Rains and I were going to an opening of a film that I was starring in, *The Lady on the Couch*, in New Jersey. We were stepping out of a limousine in evening clothes, and the cops grabbed us. There was a city ordinance against promoting obscene films. So I spent some time signing autographs at the precinct, and they were very nice to us.

FLICK: Did you get convicted?

STEVENS: No, but the lawyers get an awful lot of money from these pornography busts, and the authorities almost never prove anything. Like when Linda Lovelace was in Florida, the Florida state law says you are not allowed to show pubic hair, and so she shaved her hair off. She won the case. She could show her pussy. They didn't say you couldn't show that.

FLICK: What actresses would you most like to work with?

STEVENS: Liz Taylor and Katharine Hepburn. And Debbie Reynolds. She really turns me on. I could see her playing my older sister, Liz Taylor playing my lover, and Katharine Hepburn playing my mother.

FLICK: Do you consider yourself truly bisexual? Or do you have any clear-cut preferences?

STEVENS: Everybody tries to corner

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me and say, you've gotta like one more than the other, but not me. My climax is always good with both. I cannot pinpoint it and say, "Well, it's better with Fred than it is with Barbara." I like to be around women more on a friendship level—that's always been my thing. I get along well with older women, but with guys, sex comes easier.

FLICK: Do you dig sucking cock?

STEVENS: I do, sure. It depends upon whose cock it is, and how much I love the person. But let me say this about cocksucking: if you're going to suck cock, love that cock you're sucking. Don't even attempt to suck a cock unless it's for real. I don't think of myself as a good cocksucker. By the way, Tina Russell is the best cocksucker in the business.

FLICK: Do you like to eat pussy?

STEVENS: Yes, but I think I'm more or less average. I don't give myself a high rating.

FLICK: Well, how does your sex on the set compare with your sex off the set?

STEVENS: There is no camera in my bedroom, and no bright lights. And I like to keep my cock deep inside a person. It feels so good when it's all wrapped around, deep. On the screen they want me to come on the outside, and it's not one of my favorite things to do.

FLICK: Well, over-all, how would you rate yourself sexually?

STEVENS: I think I'm just an average guy. I have a bigger cock than the average guy, but taking all that into consideration, I would rate myself on a scale of 1 to 10 as 10 1/2.

FLICK: How often do you have sex?

STEVENS: Twice a day, on the average, and my motto is, "Fuck it if it moves."

FLICK: Do you enjoy jerking off?

STEVENS: Yes, and I'm glad you asked me that. I know my equipment better than anybody else, and for all those guys out there who don't enjoy it, it's something you can really get into.

FLICK: How do you like to be fucked?

STEVENS: I like to be on top. I love top positions. I like to get sucked like that. I'm not a lay-backer. I'm a doer. I'm very aggressive sexually. I just like to keep moving. That's my method. Then when I'm ready to come, I just back off a little—it's such a great feeling. But I like to be on top because I love to fuck, and I have a big thrust, and it feels better for me on top than it does on the bottom. I really dislike bottom positions. As a matter of fact, in a film I will not be on the bottom. I want to make sure that they know my position before the camera starts. I know that for the average guys, it

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(my cock) looks unbelievable, but it's not, really. That's the magic of films. They can make me look 20 times larger and better. Films have made me a super hero, and that's why I keep on saying that I'm really just the average guy.

FLICK: Do you get turned off when directors make you have sex in ways that you wouldn't do normally?

STEVENS: Yes, as a matter of fact, I do. Recently, films have been changing, thank God. Young filmmakers are coming in with a creative attitude and they want to bring sex to normal. I used to do a lot of stunt sex where I would do the fuck scenes in the most unbelievable ways. I've got a wiry body, and if I get a girl who can move around a lot (some of them are dancers), I can get into a lot of weird positions that I've never done before. I get to play out all my fantasies. Right in front of everybody. And I'm paid for it, applauded, and I'm successful at it. And, by the way, I don't like people to deep-throat me most of the time, because most girls can't. But guys do better than girls. Guys give better head, but that's natural, and everybody should understand that. If you know your own equipment, you can suck better, even if you've never sucked a cock. If you have to go down on one, you know what it is, because you've got your own cock and you know how you want it sucked. It's the same with girls eating girls.

FLICK: Do you feel good about making films for gay people?

STEVENS: Well, I recently did a gay film, and it's funny, because for me to go from straight into gay and be still accepted, it's perfect. When my name appeared in the paper, my phone rang for two days. "Congratulations, Marc," they said. "It's about time somebody in the straight world is getting into it." Well, why not? I'm not hiding it. Americans are so stupid sexually, in general. They should just free themselves.

FLICK: How would you explain the success of such classics as *The Devil in Miss Jones* and *Deep Throat*?

STEVENS: They're playing it to death, and they just make things successful. They made *Deep Throat* successful by confiscating it. By saying this is pornography, they attracted so many people to it. If they just left it alone, it might have died out. *The Devil in Miss Jones* has grossed over 32 million dollars. Somebody paid out those five-dollar admissions and that's a lot of five-dollar admissions. This whole field is exploitation, and I'm in it every day of my life. For a long time I never understood why Georgina Spelvin just couldn't take it, just disappeared to California and wanted out. Her name was all over the place and she wasn't getting a fucking nickel. Man, they gave it to her! And I

got her a start in pornography just by bringing her on the set and introducing her to Gerry Damiano, which led to her getting a part in *The Devil in Miss Jones*. And let me say he did not direct that film. I created the two sex scenes, the double insertion scenes, and the snake belonged to me. My snake, Herman, got a lot of credit. They used it as a logo. And Georgina liked my snake. The double insertion scene took a long time to film. I was the cock on the bottom in her cunt. The scene with the two girls blowing me was another one I agreed to do. I don't even think that Gerry Damiano was in the room when I was doing the sex scenes. He got lucky because Georgina Spelvin is a great actress. He said the film was made in the editing room. I mean, what kind of fucking shit is that? Maybe *Snow White* was made in the editing room, or *The Sound of Music*, but you can't take a fuck film and say it was made in the editing room. The actual act that's going on is it. That's what makes the fuck film. It's bizarre. If I shit in front of the camera, they'll film it. It's incredible what people want.

FLICK: What kind of scenes do you feel are really degrading?

STEVENS: Outside come shots on a girl's face are degrading as hell. But that's because these are films made by men for primarily a male audience. They're not interested in college kids. They're not interested in making people laugh. They're not interested in housewives or young couples or even as a training thing for newly married people. All they're interested in is making five bucks from horny old men who are doctors and lawyers, etc. And that's the way it's been for a long time.

FLICK: What do you feel are the most important changes now taking place in making porno film?

STEVENS: Well, now they're not asking for olympics or gymnastics on the set. There are a lot of films where they're eliminating close-ups of the genitalia—which look like hospital clinical scenes anyway. You see this huge pussy on a screen that's 80 feet wide. Nobody likes it. It's ugly. There's a hot white light in there, so why is it done? "I don't know," the filmmakers say. "The other guy does it, and I'm just following everybody else." And that was it for a long time, and nobody took the initiative. Now it's changing with the young people getting involved. People like Tina and Georgina and myself have stuck it out long enough to help create a better market. And we're interested in doing good films. And that's happening. And that's why I like to think of myself as a pioneer. So that when they talk about me in 20 years and watch my films on TV, they'll talk about me the way they talk about Chaplin today.

From "Fireworks Woman"—Coming in
the December issue of Flick.



